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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	425
WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE?	427
FINLAND AND RUSSIA. By Stephen Simmons	427
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	428
MUSTN'T GRUMBLE. By Sagittarius	429
THIS ENGLAND	429
A NEW DEAL FOR THE POLICE. By C. R. Hewitt	430
THE EGYPTIAN SCENE. By John Marlowe	430
TROUBLESOME PUPPETS. By Dorothy Woodman	431
THEY TALK OF LOVE. By L. Malyugin	432
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Monteverdi's Poppea. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	433
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
Sculpture in the Park. By Patrick Heron	433
The Movies. By William Whitebait	434
Radio Notes. By William Salter	434
Revival of "Job" at Covent Garden. By Beryl de Zoete	435
TRANSIENT GODS. By Kathleen Raine	435
CORRESPONDENCE: From Edward Crankshaw; Frank Hardie; A Foreigner; Judith Todd; Andrew Rothstein; Dorothy F. Buxton; L. C. White; Dr. Helle Lambridis; L. B. Namier; Dudley Pryke; Spanish Liberal; Harriett Wilson; L. G. Dawson; and Jean Copeland.	435
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Graham Hough	439
REVIEWS: Cromwell. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	440
New Novels. By P. H. Newby	440
Indian Poems. By H. N. Brailsford	441
Romantic Ballerina. By A. V. Coton	441
Traditions of Civility. By Philip Toynbee	442
Gaol. By Cicely M. Craven	443
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	444
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	446

TRUMAN, BEVIN AND GLUBB

LAST Saturday, while the Arab Legion under Glubb Pasha lobbed its shells into Jerusalem and Egyptian Spitfires bombed the suburbs of Tel-Aviv, Mr. Douglas demanded an interview with Mr. Bevin. He informed him that British policy in Palestine was producing a situation in America which increased the difficulty of obtaining approval for allocations to Britain under E.R.P. He was not romancing. A storm of anti-British feeling has swept the United States, fanned by a great deal of one-sided propaganda. On the Palestine issue American and British public opinions are passionately divided in a way which recalls the Franco-British dispute over Turkey and Greece which ended in the fall of Mr. Lloyd George after the Chanak incident.

It is idle at this late hour to rake over the endless mistakes committed by both British and American statesmen. Ever since he took office Mr. Bevin has not troubled to conceal his violent personal opposition to the Jewish claims for statehood. Quite openly, and with the consent of a great majority on both sides in the House of Commons, he has placated the Arab League, first by trying to browbeat the Jews into accepting an "Arab" solution, and then by quitting Palestine in the way best calculated to produce chaos. Incidentally, this permitted the Arab armies to conquer it, if they could, before the Jews could bring in reinforcements. In all his dealings with the problems, both great and small—as, for instance, in his obstinate determination to send the illegal immigrant ship *Haganah* back to Germany—he has recklessly disregarded world opinion and conducted British policy as though what was at stake was a personal quarrel between himself and the Jews of New York. And he has not omitted publicly and offensively to accuse the American President of capitulating to the Jewish vote.

Mr. Truman, not unnaturally, has resented receiving lectures on political morality from the Foreign Secretary of a Labour Government solemnly pledged to support Zionist claims in Palestine. A weak but very honest man, he has the typical American sympathy for the Jewish colonists struggling to achieve independence against the modern George III, and the typical American ignorance of Middle Eastern realities. Quite apart from the pressure of domestic politics, he has been embarrassed by an internecine conflict between his own advisers in the White House and the group in the State Department who have strenuously supported the Bevin line and a few weeks ago were strong enough to trap the President into repudiating Partition without knowing it. If he did not consult Mr. Bevin either before recognising Israel or before discussing a U.S. Loan with President Weizmann, he can reasonably argue that rational discussion with the British Foreign Secretary on the Jewish problem has never been easy.

Whatever the excuses, American vacillation has been almost as fatal in Palestine as British partisanship. Between them, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Truman have not only permitted the Middle East to drift to the very edge of general war but produced a first-rate crisis in Anglo-American relations. If the Arab States, after rejecting the "cease fire" request, also obstruct truce negotiations, America may lift the embargo on export of arms to Israel. In that case British-equipped Arabs and American-equipped Jews will wage a full-scale war, while Russia, whose conduct in the Palestine affair, whatever its motives, has been impeccable, observes this demonstration of Western unity from the sidelines.

This intolerable situation can be ended if only the Labour Government takes off the "Unfair to Britain" placard round its neck and shows a little statesmanship. It is useless to stand on the legalities of our treaties with the Arab States and to maintain, as the Foreign Office maintained last week-end, that, since Israel is not a State under the definition of international law, the bombing of Tel-Aviv and the shelling of Jerusalem do not constitute an act of war. It merely embarrasses our friends and delights our enemies to pretend that Transjordan is an independent State which we can advise but cannot control. Such terminological exactitudes merely confirm the world's impression of British bad faith.

Nor does it help to accuse the Americans, the Jews or the Russians of equal and opposite duplicity. The plain fact is that, partly owing to a misguided estimate of imperial interests, and partly to violent passions excited by the crimes of Jewish terrorists, we have drifted into a position in which we seem to the rest of the world to be waging a war of non-intervention against the Jews in defiance of a United Nations' recommendation. Our first object must be not to see that others share the blame but to prove by our actions that this impression of British bad faith is false. But this is out of the question so long as Glubb Pasha and his thirty-seven British colleagues continue to conduct the operations of the Arab Legion. They must be ordered to return to London forthwith; and those who still retain commissions in the British Army must be bluntly told that, if they disobey this order, they will be cashiered.

The second condition for restoring our good name is the recognition of Israel as the *de facto* sovereign over Jewish Palestine. Since we wrote on this subject last week, General Smuts, who may not have forgotten the public snub he received from Mr. Bevin when he offered some advice on Palestine, has announced South African recognition; and it is believed that New Zealand, Canada and Australia would all follow suit if they felt themselves free to disregard the effect on British prestige. To delay recognition now would be merely to confirm the impression of sulky prejudice. We cannot play any useful part as conciliator so long as we remain in active military alliance with one belligerent while refusing to admit even the national existence of the other.

In the third place, we must make it unmistakably clear that, even if it goes against us, we accept the decision of the United Nations. When the Partition decision was announced, Mr. Bevin at once and quite rightly stated that we accepted it as the finding of the supreme international body. But his actions did little to confirm this verbal submission to the authority of the Assembly. It is to Mr. Bevin's credit, however, that he sent the strongest possible Notes to all the Arab States last week, calling on them to accept

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the Security Council's request for a truce. If truce talks fail, as they well may, and the Council declares the Arab States, whose armies are invading Palestine, to be guilty of acts of aggression, we must not only cease to supply them with arms but at once withdraw our military missions and participate actively in such economic sanctions as may be imposed by the United Nations.

There will be those who argue that time must be permitted to allow us to re-align our position. But words are not digested any better for being eaten slowly. Come what may, the Arab League —and Mr. Bevin—have got to accept the *fait accompli* of a Jewish State in part of Palestine. It may well be that its frontiers should be more sensibly drawn than they were in the Partition plan. The Jews, for instance, would have a far more compact State if they accepted Western Galilee, including Acre, and ceded the strategically indefensible Negeb to Transjordan.

But such practical discussions of a settlement are impossible so long as Britain stimulates Arab intransigeance by behaving as though the existence of a Jewish State could still be a subject for debate. If Mr. Bevin continues to follow this line, he will not only precipitate war; he will ensure that Britain is excluded from the final peace settlement. In order to play our part, we must be prepared, as we were in Ireland, to forgo a pig-headed partisanship and to pursue peace and conciliation. If we fail to do so, not only Middle Eastern peace but Anglo-American relations will be irreparably damaged.

Austrian Treaty Deadlock

The step taken by the United States delegation in declaring that the talks in London on the draft peace treaty for Austria are indefinitely suspended is hardly calculated to encourage Mr. Molotov to evince in "action" the more conciliatory attitude which Mr. Marshall asked him to display. He will doubtless argue that, during the whole of this years' resumed discussions by the Foreign Ministers' deputies, the Soviet Union has been alone in making one concession after another. On the face of it the Russian delegation have made genuine efforts to reach agreement. They offered to scale down radically their original demand for 200 million dollars in cash reparations and to accept a substantially smaller share than they originally claimed both of Austrian oil output and of shipping assets on the Danube; and, though they supported the Yugoslav claim to cash reparations, they discountenanced the original Yugoslav demand for a strategic frontier on the Karawanken Alps. They did, however, support Yugoslavia's claim to the comparatively small, predominantly Slovene corner of Southern Carinthia and to a quite modest contribution by Austria to making good a fraction of Yugoslavia's war damage. The Western delegations were not willing to recognise in principle that either the Soviet Union or Yugoslavia had any legitimate claims against Austria. It is open to question how far any of the nations concerned, except the French, were really anxious for a peace treaty. The Russians may have disliked leaving a firmly Social-Democratic bastion in the heart of Europe, while the Western Powers, with the possible exception of the French, seem never to have intended, during the cold war, to conclude a peace treaty whose consequence would be the withdrawal of garrisons from this strategic area.

Communal Conflict in India

It would be wise for the British Government to recall all British officers from India. They are liable to become every day more deeply involved in conflicts in which the British should have no part. It is obviously undesirable that British officers should be fighting against each other as they are, in fact, doing in Kashmir. The Uno Commission will find a strange and complex situation. Jammu, south of the Chenab, is now effectively part of India, just as Poonch and the mountain areas of the north are part of Pakistan. In the centre of the picture is the Vale of Kashmir, in which alone a plebiscite might make any sense. Recently the raiders tried to stage an offensive to coincide with Nehru's visit to Srinagar. They were badly defeated, and the tribesmen, getting neither loot nor glory, are beginning to desert in large numbers. Their place will presumably be taken by Pakistan troops. Meanwhile, Sheikh Abdullah is carrying through a long overdue social and economic revolution. The private purse of the Maharajah has been reduced from 400,000 rupees a month to 40,000. The peasantry is taking over land without compensation; the feudal landlords are being abolished; and the tenants and the State both benefit, the former by paying less tax and the latter by getting some revenue. Silk weavers are being given a share of the factory profits; the popular militia is being rapidly expanded; pictures are being published of young Muslim girls armed with .303 rifles. A pamphlet on the New Kashmir emphasises the rights of women and special care for children. Private property is to be allowed as long as it does not interfere with a planned economy. Sheikh Abdullah provides a revolutionary preface particularly emphasising the "elimination of parasites" and the conservation of Kashmir's national resources by the State. It looks as if the Vale of Kashmir, whatever its political future, is to be the first Socialist part of the sub-continent. Meanwhile Indian troops are being diverted to the frontiers of Hyderabad; they could of course easily enter the State and overcome the Nizam's army; which amounts to about one divison. There are strong arguments, however, against any such violent action. The army would be unable to protect the Hindu population from Kazim Razvi's fanatical irregulars, and Hyderabad would become a centre of massacre and guerrilla warfare. Nehru must be well aware of the danger of a violent solution, but he is confronted with the difficulty that though the Prime Minister of Hyderabad, with whom he and Patel have been holding conversations, is a reasonable man, neither he nor the Nizam is a free agent. Kazim Razvi has made that only too obvious.

The Trade Deficit

A good many people must have had a shock last Saturday, when the April trade figures were published; for they showed a visible adverse trade balance of over £54 million, with imports showing an all-time high record at £126,400,000 for the month. The April deficit follows on one of £51 millions in March, and is largely due to the continual rise in prices, which does not seem at all likely to cease for some time to come. The Treasury, in a special statement issued last week-end, tried to give some reassurance. It pointed out that the measurement of exports excludes, whereas that of imports includes, freight charges and insurance—which is true enough, but not more true of one month than of another. It also said that the quantities of goods imported in a particular month are no indication of the debts incurred over the same period, and that in fact a proportion of the April imports had been paid for in advance. Still, they have to be paid for sometime; and, even on an average over the first four months of the year, the total deficit remains unpleasantly high. Lastly the Treasury said that most of the increased deficit was due to imports from soft currency countries, and that does not affect our supplies of gold or dollars. But, here again, imports have to be paid for somehow, whatever their source, and it seems plain that what is occuring is a further worsening of our terms of trade, with the prices as well as the quantities of our imports outstripping those of our exports. It would be a mistake to put undue weight on two months' figures; but it is all too evident that E.R.P., especially at rapidly rising prices, leaves us with a formidable exchange problem still to solve. As Sir Stafford Cripps said in a speech last week-end, we used up £1,000 millions in dollars out of reserves last year in balancing our accounts. E.R.P. will yield £300 or at most £400 million. Therefore, we must either find the rest, or cut our imports according to our sadly inadequate resources.

PARLIAMENT: Varying Estimates

Wednesday

At the end of questions on Tuesday, the Foreign Secretary made a well-balanced statement on Palestine. On the one side, he blamed the Jews for breaking the truce; on the other side, he blamed the Jews for provoking the Arab attack. When Churchill referred to the Arab Legion, and recommended strict impartiality, the Foreign Secretary replied that his conscience was clear. The information that all was well with Bevin's conscience reassured some of his worried questioners.

After Bevin, Butcher. This was Liberal-National Day, and Butcher followed the Foreign Secretary to open the debate on the Board of Trade Estimates. The drizzle outside threw a jaundiced light onto the sunburnt faces of his colleagues, and seemed to find its way into the speeches. Though the thirteen Liberal-Nationals still cling tightly to their name and the third bench below the gangway, there is little to distinguish them from the Tories, unless it be their particular attachment to laissez-faire. Like Lyttelton, Butcher advanced as a heavy charge that Harold Wilson hadn't left things to the business men.

Wilson had no difficulty in exposing the *mystique* of business invented by the trade. Amid a yammer of interruptions from Osborne, one of the Tories' self-made men, he showed that the Board of Trade's control, despite some unwillingness of the trade to co-operate had made supplies fairly available. He would never agree to the business-men's method of rationing goods by price, though he made a welcome coupon concession.

Roughly speaking, the debate fell into two halves—the part that concerned itself with civilian goods, such as clothes and furniture, and the part that dealt with newsprint. In this matter, there was general agreement, expressed in the speeches of Byers, Wilson Harris and Eric Fletcher, that undersized newspapers mean an under-informed public. If bigger newspapers would offer, as some claim, more space for lies, they would equally offer more space for truth. Wilson gave hope that the Government realised this, and was not treating the campaign for more newsprint simply as a proprietors' racket.

Most back-bench speeches consisted of a series of unrelated complaints, and the discussion rarely took the form of debate. Some members apologised for not "following the Hon. Member" who preceded them; others merely ignored the speaker before them. But individual speeches were of a high standard, particularly those by Collins, Walter Fletcher and John Haire. Haire presented a forceful, well-argued case for revising the present controls of furniture—manufacture and distribution. His description of the disused craftsmen's tools hanging on the brackets in High Wycombe while their owners swept the floors, was, in itself, more effective in stirring the House than many long speeches.

Shortly afterwards, the theme moved on to the location of industry. One member, pointing out what the Government had done to revive derelict areas, said that it had created "hiving throbs" of industry. ("Thriving hobs, you fool," hissed a helpful friend.) D. J. Williams, of Neath, reminded the House that the problem of Development Areas was not finally settled, but Chetwynd recalled that the great advance already made was directly due to a Labour Minister, Hugh Dalton, when he was at the Board of Trade.

For the National-Liberals the debate was wound up gracefully, agreeably and unconvincingly by Maclay. To the general surprise, Harold Wilson rose a second time to reply for the Government, but he explained that the well-liked John Belcher—who had returned to the House after his illness—had recently lost his teeth, and was not in a position to address the Committee without them. It was a pity that Wilson hurried his speech. Had he not done so, the House would more easily have savoured the bouquet of his concentrated argument.

MAURICE EDELMAN

WHAT NEXT IN EUROPE ?

Now that the excitement about the Hague Conference has died down and a temporary silence has fallen on the various bodies which, in one way or another, are supposed to be working out essential policies for Western Europe, there is a chance to take stock. The Hague Conference, even its sponsors have to admit, has left matters precisely where they were : neither a plan nor any agreed lines on which a plan of union can be built has emerged from it, or could have emerged from so heterogeneous an assembly, debating with so little preparation. Nor have the official proceedings of the " Five "—Britain, France and Benelux—achieved so far much positive result. Politically, the " Five " are well aware that no pooling of their military resources can in practice mean much ; and, despite Mr. Marshall's encouraging views at an earlier stage, there is no sign of American willingness to guarantee, even if it could, the territorial integrity of Western Europe. Little has been heard recently of the progress of the " Study Group " on a Western Customs Union, and even more modest proposals for closer unity seem to be hanging fire. All round, the advent of Marshall Aid has been greeted by a sigh—half relief and half doubt concerning its implications, both economic and political. The negotiations over Western Germany hang fire, not only because of French fears but also because no one has yet really faced the implication of integrating German industry into the general structure of a West European economy.

One encouraging fact is the prospect—not yet quite a certainty—of a bumper harvest both in Europe and in the rest of the world. A good harvest will both reduce Europe's immediate dependence on the American continent, and make cereal imports cheaper to buy. At least, in one respect, it will check the tendency towards a continued worsening in Europe's terms of trade, and will make the gap in the balance of payments rather less formidable than it has hitherto appeared.

That is the good side ; but its effects must not be rated too high. Western Europe, if it is to do more than exist on Marshall Aid while it lasts, and then beg for more under even less favourable conditions, has not merely to fend off starvation and unemployment but also to carry through a thorough reorganisation of its productive apparatus. It has to contend, on the grand scale, with the same problems as the British coal industry is facing to-day and the British steel industry will be facing to-morrow. Our experience with coal shows this : it is possible by extemporised measures to raise output to a limited extent, but not nearly to the level that is needed as a basis for future prosperity. In order to do more, it is necessary, not merely to install a new machine here and a new machine there, even up to a large total, but to re-equip the industry from top to bottom, at a high capital cost and by drastic measures which it will take a good many years to complete even under the most favourable conditions. The same is true of steel, and of many other British industries ; moreover, in most cases the needs of continental Europe are in this respect proportionately at least as great as ours. Marshall Aid provides no resources meant or capable of being stretched to cover these immense tasks, which will have to be carried through, if at all, mainly with Europe's own resources. That means a high rate of saving, for capital accumulation, out of current output ; and, in terms of physical product, the needs of domestic re-equipment are highly competitive with the export drive, for on the whole the things which it is easiest to sell to the rest of the world are those which Western Europe needs for its own recovery.

There is, moreover, in most of the countries affected, a general shortage of man-power. Or rather, if Western Europe as a whole has hands enough, they are wrongly distributed, and Italy alone has a large surplus. The obvious answer is that either the redundant Italians should be encouraged to migrate in hundreds of thousands to the countries which are short of hands, or that there should be a prodigious development of industry in Italy—or a mixture of the two. But neither is easy. Vast-scale investment of foreign capital in Italy can in fact be ruled out ; and vast-scale migration of Italian workers is certain to encounter very strong resistances. Economists may be well assured that Great Britain and other countries would be better off with a big influx of foreign workers, even if they had to be trained. But the working classes of Great Britain and the other potentially recipient countries do not take quite the same view. Apart from housing difficulties, they are not so sure that full employment has come to stay.

Yet, if in the main each country must make do with its own supplies of labour, the conclusion is inescapable that the required high rate of capital construction can be secured only by diverting man-power from doing other jobs—including many services for which the consumers' preference is high. Mr. Bevan can be optimistic about building more houses than he budgeted for only because the kinds of capital construction that compete with housing for the use of building resources are lagging behind the need. This, indeed, is only the most obvious example of the competition for labour and materials between the requirements of capital construction and of current consumption. That competition exists everywhere ; and its intensity is not apparent only because, under pressure of last year's crisis, Great Britain, like a number of other countries, was forced to slow down its investment programme in order to provide for the immediate needs of living. To prolong the diversion of resources away from investment is only to put real recovery further and further off.

Clearly we must ensure that what resources are devoted to industrial re-equipment and development shall be put to the best possible use. This applies not only within each industry and within each separate country but, fully as much, on an international plane. If each of the countries of Western Europe sets out on its task of rebuilding without regard to what the others are doing and without any internationally concerted plan, the desired results cannot possibly be secured. On such a basis, the States of Western Europe will only find themselves competing one with another, and all at an immense disadvantage in relation to the United States and even to Eastern Europe. This will happen, because each country will set out to make and to export largely the same things, whereas the only effective way of cutting costs is to find a basis for specialisation that will make it possible for each country to produce some things for a greatly enlarged market, while not producing others which are assigned to its neighbours.

Similarly, Western Europe needs to plan its imports on a basis of co-operation in bulk purchase instead of national competition. Some of its imports are, of course, being planned for it by the Americans ; but for the rest it needs to work out a common policy on a system that will allow for the largest practicable freedom of exchange, especially with the British Dominions and with other suppliers outside the dollar area. We may hope that, behind the scenes, these highly practical issues are already beginning to be seriously discussed, and that the Americans will have the good sense not to veto measures which, far from obstructing world trade, are indispensable for its enlargement. Certainly on any other basis European recovery is clearly impossible, at any rate without an intervening period of falling standards of living from which there can be no recovery without much more drastic measures than are compatible with the survival of Western liberties.

Economically, the difficulties ahead of us are formidable. Yet there is much better hope of the right sort of advance in the field of economic than in that of political consolidation. Politically, Western Europe rests for the present on an uncomfortable alliance between Catholics and Socialists, with the Catholics nearly everywhere—except in Great Britain and Scandinavia—in much the better position. Economically, there is no prospect at all that the economies of the Western countries can be restored to health without measures of socialisation. The position might be different if there were any likelihood of American investors placing vast sums privately in the West European capital market. But this is simply not on the cards—though, of course, some American investment there will be, and therewith some attempt to use it as an instrument for combating Socialism. Europe's safeguard, in this respect, is that the prospects which it can offer to American investors are not nearly enticing enough to make it likely that American capital will flow in on the grand scale ; and, unless it does, the capital shortage will compel the Western countries both to regulate strictly the use of their limited resources and to carry through many of the needed developments by direct public enterprise.

Thus, the economic forces that are drawing Western Europe together make for a strengthening of democratic Socialism. To help this process should be the main purpose of our Government's policy in handling European affairs : that is to say, we should concentrate our efforts for the time being on promoting closer economic unity, in the faith that by doing so we shall be laying the right foundations for political unity as well.

FINLAND AND RUSSIA

On February 22, Stalin wrote to the President of Finland, Juoho Paasikivi, inviting the Finns to " conclude a pact of mutual assistance with the U.S.S.R. against a possible German aggression." The time chosen for this *démarche* was unpropitious ; the letter was delivered in the midst of the Czech crisis, at a moment when the whole of Scandinavia was on edge. The new Russian move was immediately interpreted as part of a concerted plan to consolidate Moscow's system of alliances and as a logical consequence to the events in Prague.

Actually, there are grounds for believing that the Czech crisis assisted the Finns. Something mysterious happened between the day Stalin wrote his letter and the day negotiations started in Moscow. Whatever it was, it caused, if nothing else, a fundamental change of tone. Stalin's letter was brief, businesslike and determined. Enclosed with it were the drafts of the Hungarian and Rumanian treaties. Molotov's reception of the Finnish delegation was polite, conciliatory and accommodating. The draft of the other treaties was ignored entirely.

The new world situation doubtless demanded, at least, a new technique, if not total postponement of the discussions. This, however, was impossible ; for the Russian proposal was not new and had, in fact, not come as a surprise to the Finns. It had first been suggested last November, when a Finnish delegation visited the Russian capital on the occasion of the anniversary of the Revolution. But as that delegation had no mandate to discuss any treaties, the subject was dropped, though not for long. A month later, Hertta Kuusinen, daughter of the veteran Communist leader, Otto Kuusinen, and generally considered the ablest politician of the important Left-wing bloc, visited Moscow to see her father. She denied having met Stalin, but developments at home followed swiftly upon her visit to Russia.

First, the Russian Ambassador to Helsinki was recalled because he was ill. This came as a surprise to him, but he had sufficiently recovered by the time negotiations started in Moscow to take part in them. Next, Lt.-General Grigory Savonenkov was appointed in his place. Savonenkov was no stranger to Helsinki. He had been the Russian representative on the Allied Control

Council, and he knew his ground well. As his departure for Helsinki was somewhat hurried, it was explained in Moscow that the tailors had had no time to prepare a civilian suit for him and he arrived in his uniform. (According to some unreliable Finnish sources, he also sleeps in it.)

The meaning of Savonenkov's mission was clear to the Finns, who knew him as a stern, military commander. He arrived towards the end of January, and called on Paasikivi a number of times. The object of his visits was to induce the Finns to ask for a treaty with Russia. In this he failed. It was then that Stalin decided to ask for such a treaty himself. By that time mid-February had come, and with it the Czech crisis. But Russia's desire for a treaty with Finland was known and Stalin's letter, accordingly, was sent.

The Finns hesitated about a fortnight before deciding, on March 8, to send a delegation to Moscow. Parliament was consulted; a sharp distinction was made between a military treaty and a friendship pact; and the latter was accepted as a basis for discussion, while the former was rejected by all but the Communists. The delay seemed long, but was in harmony with Finnish custom—a traditional feature of which, for instance, is to keep you waiting about half an hour between each course in a restaurant.

Stalin, too, waited patiently. He received the Finnish proposal to send a delegation to Moscow on March 9, and four days later agreed to the Finnish suggestion to start discussion on March 21. A seven-man delegation was selected by Paasikivi and left for Moscow on March 20. Prime Minister Pekkala was missing. He was ill, but his illness was not entirely free from political complications. An unfavourable treaty might well have cost him the premiership, and Pekkala, who could perhaps best be described as an opportunist, would probably have preferred not to have been involved in the talks—at least not at the beginning, when Russian aims were far from clear. The other delegates, however, refused to open the talks in his absence and these did, in fact, not start until the 25th, the day after Pekkala had finally arrived. All in all, the delegation was in Moscow three weeks. They lived comfortably at the Ostrovski Hotel, had four cars at their disposal, were entertained by Stalin in the Kremlin, and were at liberty to do as they pleased in their spare time.

The discussions themselves consisted of three meetings which occupied less than three hours. The first took place at 6 p.m. on the 25th, in Molotov's study. The Finns started by explaining their Parliament's objection to a military treaty, and Molotov replied that he fully appreciated their attitude. He then explained that it was part of Russian policy to make pacts with their neighbours and to talk about mutual differences; but as the Russians had no special proposals in this case, would the Finns be prepared to submit a draft as a basis for discussion?

The Finns agreed, the meeting broke up, and the delegation then submitted to Molotov the draft of an agreement which had previously been drawn up by Paasikivi in Helsinki. This draft was discussed at the second meeting, which lasted one hour, on March 30, and it is actually identical with the text of the agreement that was finally signed. Molotov went through it point by point and suggested amendments on two of them. Russia, he said, would be quite prepared to give Finland more aid than the Finns had asked for; and he pointed out that no time limit was attached to the draft.

The question of aid was the cardinal issue at stake: to what extent was it to be given, in what circumstances, and *who* had the right to determine a state of emergency? The Finns sent two of their delegates back to Paasikivi. Paasikivi has taken part in all negotiations with the Russians since 1917. This time he was absent; but if anyone controls and directs Finnish policy, it is the President. The exact limit of Paasikivi's concessions is not known but they appear to have been very restricted, for the two delegates returned, instructed not to accept Molotov's suggestions "in their present form." For a moment tension had arisen. In Helsinki, for the first time, a feeling of panic was apparent; in Moscow the delegation "felt nervous." The third and crucial meeting was arranged for March 5.

Molotov listened to Paasikivi's views and objections and, to the surprise of everyone, agreed with them. He waved aside the slight Finnish concessions "as this was peace time," and suggested that the draft as first submitted was the best in the circumstances. He also asked whether the treaty should remain in force for ten or twenty years, and the delegation considered ten would be sufficient to begin with. This meeting, too, lasted one hour, and Molotov expressed the hope that the Finns, particularly the Social Democrats, would come to understand the Russians better. He created a very favourable impression; the Finns were pleased that they had participated in real negotiations, that their point of view had been understood and the independence of their country guaranteed.

The treaty was signed on March 6, in the presence of Stalin, ratified in the Finnish Parliament on April 28 and in the Soviet Parliament early this month. But not one single account of the negotiations has appeared so far in the Finnish press, nor in Moscow, nor in Sweden which was vitally concerned in the talks. The press was excluded from the negotiations which were, and for some strange reason still are, considered secret.

The treaty and the manner of its negotiations raise four questions. Why did the Russians want a treaty at all? Could the Finns have refused to negotiate? Why were the terms so lenient—as everyone admits they are? And finally, how long will this peace last? The original Russian intentions are not clear, beyond the general Soviet policy of consolidating her position in the countries bordering on Russia. Whether she had intended following the Finnish moves with overtures to Norway, and with moving her air, naval and radar defences from Northern Russia to Finland's western borders, that is, to the very doorstep of Sweden, is a matter of conjecture. Could the Finns have refused to negotiate? In one respect, yes. On some pretext the Finns might have postponed the discussions, and it is quite possible that in the strained international situation at the time the Russians would not have pursued the matter. But a refusal to negotiate might have had far reaching results *inside* Finland. There are 45,000 members of the Finnish Communist Party, and their coalition holds 51 seats of the 200 in Parliament. The danger from the Communist elements inside Finland, no doubt, was real at the time because they had the potential support of Russia and the example of Czechoslovakia to guide them.

The leniency of the treaty can only be explained by the effect which the Czech crisis had on the world at large and on Scandinavia in particular. Whether it is the beginning of a new phase in Soviet policy is a different question; but there is no doubt in Finland that the Russians signed the treaty with an eye on Sweden, which in turn controls the destiny of Norway. There is equally little doubt that the treaty has created a most favourable impression in Sweden and that it has greatly strengthened Unden's policy of neutrality. Unlike Czechoslovakia, the Finns did not expect, or rely on, help from the West; but they also knew that Russia's attitude to Finland would determine the feeling abroad, especially in Scandinavia, about Russia. The Russians evidently realised this, too.

Finally, will this peace last? The general impression in Finland is that it will—always provided that the dismissal of Finland's Communist Minister of the Interior does not lead to dissensions which embroil Russo-Finnish relations. The majority of Finns now believe that Russia has come to respect them and to treat them as an equal partner. The probability, indeed, is that the discussions will be continued, though less drastically and more slowly. In fact, the next point on the agenda will be Clause 5, which deals with Finnish-Russian cultural and economic relations, and which will come up for discussion shortly. Russia will probably make concessions about Finland's reparation deliveries and open the important Saimaa Canal to traffic again. Perhaps she will also ask for some small concessions in return. But her aid in the immediate future will be in the economic and not military field; and the Finns will be satisfied.

STEPHEN SIMMONS

A LONDON DIARY

POLITICAL witch-hunting is a contagious and dangerous disease to which we in England have in the past been less subject than most countries. Resistance to it has been greatly weakened because, in addition to the usual paid secret agent, there does exist to-day a new class of "ideological" agents. Certainly I can recall no former Labour Party Conference that would not have fiercely resisted a purge of the Civil Service based on political opinion—especially since the Prime Minister has now made it clear that the accused will be allowed no legal representative, no defence by his union, and no right even to know what evidence has been secretly gathered against him. The one serious safeguard is the Committee of three retired Civil Servants, whose job will be similar to that of the Appeal Committee set up by Herbert Morrison to review the cases of 18B internees. This Committee will not only interview the accused, but will also have the power to cross-examine the officers of M.I.5 and demand to learn the sources of their evidence. If they do their job well, they can help to prevent injustice, although their position is purely advisory and the Minister must make the final decision. But I would feel more comfortable if Mr. Attlee had stuck to his first view and granted the right at least of the presence of a "friend" at the hearing.

* * *

America should be warning enough. I do not refer only to cases of people going to prison for twelve months for refusing to defend themselves before the Committee on un-American activities. The procedure of this successor to the Dies Committee has often been grotesque; but its activities seem almost commonplace in comparison with those of the Tenney Committee which is attempting to "do something about the menace of Communist activities in California." The committee represents various Los Angeles fraternal, patriotic, civic, religious, women's and other organisations. Its chairman is the executive director of the "Motion Picture Alliance for American Ideals." It began in February by indicting 51 organisations and publications as "Communist Fronts," and made a particularly violent attack on the Actors' Laboratory, which has produced, with real distinction, even if with some Communist inspiration, a large number of plays of very various types, including many of the world's classics from Shakespeare and Molière to Sean O'Casey and Clifford Odets. The quality of the investigation can be gathered from the solemn revelation of Senator Tenney that the "investigators had uncovered definite evidence that the Lab. had produced two plays by a Russian named Chekov." Some of those who defended themselves before this ludicrous, but powerful, tribunal did so with a spirit that reminds one that in America there still exists something of the old spirit which won liberty in this country and fought for it in America.

* * *

Not being a candidate for the praises of the *Tailor and Cutter*, I was personally more interested in Mr. Wilson's newsprint concession than in his gift of clothing coupons. My pleasure that periodicals are to receive a ten per cent. increase in their paper ration from July onwards—a concession which will make it possible, I hope, for this journal to appear more frequently in a twenty-four page size—is only tempered by a regret that the dailies cannot yet be given their chance to report more fairly and fully. As for the

bonus of twelve additional clothing coupons, it may be sound policy to give the trade this chance of working off accumulated stocks; but I wish I was clearer whether the existence of these stocks reflects merely imperfect forecasting or represents a partial defeat for the Cripps export plan. Demand in the home market has beyond doubt been curtailed by the last two budgets. The abolition of subsidies on wool and cotton has sky-rocketted the prices of many non-utility goods; I doubt whether the bonus coupons will clear stocks unless there are considerable price reductions in the summer sales. Mr. Wilson announces a fine increase in textile production to justify this "dividend" to the consumer. But are we sure that the reason we are getting more goods is not simply that foreigners, for whom they were designed, can't or won't buy them?

* * *

Mr. V. B. Savarkar, who is to stand trial for complicity in the murder of Gandhi, has had an odd career. At 21, in 1904, he took a vow with a group of fellow students to get Indian independence by armed rebellion. After a course of law in London, he returned to India and was involved in a conspiracy to murder Curzon Wylie, then Governor of Bihar. Anticipating arrest he fled to Paris, where he stayed for nearly a year. Coming secretly to London, he was arrested and put on board ship for India. Outside Marseilles he dived through a porthole and swam ashore. Recaptured, he was at last brought to India, where he was sentenced to life transportation on the unhealthy Andaman Islands. He had not been long there before Indian nationalists began to agitate for his repatriation to India. Among those who worked hardest for him was Gandhi. Finally, in 1921, he was removed to Bombay, where he was put under house arrest at Ratnagiri. For the next sixteen years he busied himself with reforms of Hinduism and succeeded in getting local temple entry for Untouchables. As soon as a Congress government came into office at Bombay, after the 1937 elections, he was released. He rewarded Congress's kindness by becoming President of the Hindu Mahasabha and bitterly attacking Congress for its "appeasement" of the Muslims. During the war he seemed to believe that Hindus should keep on the right side of the British so as to gain tactical advantages from them. In 1944 he retired, apparently for good, although he still delivered an occasional tirade at the Congress leadership. His trial will show how far his retirement was real and whether he had been indulging his old conspiratorial activities in organising the R.S.S.

* * *

The last of the six broadcasts reporting India was given on Sunday night. I hope they will be repeated on the Third Programme. The team responsible for them have displayed new possibilities in the art of broadcasting. Such work cannot be done cheaply; it involved in this case sending first-class men to India for months so that they could soak up the atmosphere and learn the smell and sound of an Indian village. Their problem is to convey to people, who would not listen to "talks," something of the continuity of a couple of centuries of history, of the clash of races and the confusion and complexities of current issues. Louis MacNeice, the most imaginative and impressionist in style, demands close attention and perhaps too much knowledge, from listeners. But this is the right idea. Here is a type of reporting that only broadcasting can do.

* * *

Wendell Willkie's Jiminy Cricket has stepped in and resurrected the New York Liberal newspaper *P.M.* Joe Barnes, who was Willkie's good influence on his "One World" trip, has thrown up his safe and influential job as foreign editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* to join forces with Bartley C. Crum in acquiring a majority interest in the paper. Marshall Field, the enlightened store-magnate, who has been bearing the losses (about £3,000 a week), will retain a stake in the paper which he has been keeping alive despite his decision at Easter to close it down. Crum, as publisher, and Barnes, as editor, have substantial but anonymous backing, and are prepared to make far-reaching but gradual changes in the paper. These changes are bound to be good because Barnes is a first-class newspaper man who was correspondent in Berlin and Moscow before the war, and deputy-director of the Office of War Information Overseas Services, where he was sacrificed in the Administration's Right swing. A level-headed Liberal, consistently Left of centre, he took Willkie in hand with commendable results. Bartley Crum is a successful corporation lawyer with pronounced Left sympathies, who was a member of the Anglo-American Committee of Palestine. He recently acted as counsel for Hollywood's ten writers and producers accused by the Committee on un-American Activities.

* * *

On the top of a bus the other day a heated argument was going on between two schoolboys—the topic, permutations and combinations. One chapter in their algebra books had become alive to them because of its connection with football pools. There is a moral here for all teachers who continue to set problems dealing with the interminable dripping of water into and out of rectangular tanks. There is a movement led by the Mathematical Association to cut out all problems that have little connection with real life. But what is real life? In the nineteenth century students were asked to solve this problem:

> If a cardinal can pray a soul off purgatory, by himself, in an hour, a bishop in three hours, a priest in five, and a friar in seven, in what time can they pray out three souls, all praying together?

The answer, given early last century by Mr. Bonnycastle of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was 1 hr. 47 mins. 23 2/11 secs.

* * *

Having vainly searched in the telephone directory for the number of the National Coal Board, a friend of mine dialled DIR, only to be told that the number was not allowed to be divulged to the public. "If the Coal Board had wanted you to ring them up," said the Supervisor of Directory Inquiries, "they would have given you their number." Baffled by the apparent existence of an impenetrable Iron Curtain surrounding a public corporation, my friend carried the matter to a higher level, and was eventually given the explanation that the supervisor had imagined that she was being asked for the number of the Board's private official line—that is, I presume, its number on the Federal exchange. As no such suggestion had been made by my friend, who wanted merely to contact the Board's Public Relations Department, I can only conclude that, under the influence of the purge, a sense of security in the telephone service is becoming rather too highly developed.

* * *

If I were to judge by the publican next door, the British people are now on the verge of revolt because of the cut of beer. "The Government's gone too far this time," he says, and it is true that there are not so many people in his pub as there were a few months ago. "Stands to reason," he says, "people can't afford it. I can't get rid of it." Just after this conversation I met in the town nearby another publican. He was also complaining. But he was troubled not by the price but by the shortage of beer. He was always sold out. The explanation? That the village labourer on sunny evenings now makes a date with his friends, and cycles a couple of miles to the town for a bit of life instead of being satisfied with the local. So we get grumbling at both ends, but little real hardship. The other topic of local gossip was naturally the weather. On Sunday I ate the last of my 1947 apples, ruefully noticing, as I did so, that this year there is scarcely an apple on the trees from which I gathered last year's splendid crop. Very few apples in our area have survived the May frosts. Of course we grumble about this, too. But it is no use grumbling at Providence, and the weather is still the one subject on which the Government cannot be blamed. When scientists control the temperature sudden drop of 20° such as occurred last week-end would be enough to unseat any Government. Or will it? Perhaps the time will come when no one will distinguish between God and the Prime Minister.

* * *

Latest U.S. electoral crack, "Truman will lose the women's vote because he reminds too many wives of their husbands." CRITIC

MUSTN'T GRUMBLE

"How do you do, and how are you?
You're looking better, surely?"
"My looks deceive, that's far from true,
I never felt so poorly.
I'm only crawling round until
The nation pays my doctor's bill.

"You hear the wheezing in my chest,
My feet could not be flatter,
My panel doctor never guessed
I had so much the matter;
State specialists will soon admit
I'm due for sickness benefit.

"Disorders of the liver make
My outlook far from rosy,
Insomnia keeps me wide awake,
My veins are varicosy,
My indigestion is severe,
I frequently come over queer.

"I've wrapped up my rheumatic side
In medicated flannels,
For proper treatment I've applied
To all the usual panels,
But soon I'm hoping to be nursed,
They say the patient must come first.

"I'm saving up acute catarrh
And bad conjunctivitis,
Neuralgia, neurasthenia
And chronic tonsilitis.
As soon as treatment's free to all
I'll have a thorough overhaul.

"One hip I feel is out of place,
It needs an operation;
My very complicated case
I'm handing to the nation—
I knew I never would be cured
Till all my ailments were insured.

"Now National Health Service takes
My weekly contribution,
The State will nurse my pains and aches,
My run-down constitution,
My boils, my blains, my throat relaxed—
My health will not be overtaxed."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"After July 1 next there will be no such thing as *interim* development although there will be created a state of what may be termed perpetual interim development in view of the fact that all development after that date will require planning permission whether it is undertaken before or after the coming into operation of a development plan."—*Journal of Planning Law.* (J. Robertson.)

The difference in losing one's petrol supply and driving licence for having red spirit in the tank and being shot by the Nazis for listening to the B.B.C. is one of degree only.—*Autocar.* (P. J. Price.)

Fox-Kirk said standing on his head was a trick he used to entertain friends. He even did it to entertain women customers at his shop while they were waiting for their allocation of meat.—*Nottingham Evening News.* (R. Hawley.)

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARIES

Some people go in for dog racing or billiards. Others become councillors. It is really a hobby with us, like card-playing. We don't pretend to be benefactors: we are merely enjoying our hobby.—Report of speech in *Palmers Green & Southgate Gazette*. (B. D. M. Smith).

A NEW DEAL FOR THE POLICE

[The author of this article joined the City of London Police as a constable in 1921 and retired as Chief Inspector in 1946.]

No doubt it would be nice if the Home Secretary's new Committee of Inquiry into police pay, pensions, promotion, and conditions of service, whose purpose is to find out why our young men don't want to be policemen, could all be sworn in as constables and do six months' beat duty before they began taking any evidence. This may, indeed, have been in the minds of those M.Ps. who were so amused when Mr. Ede announced the names of the Committee. Miss Zoe Freeman, he explained, is chairman of Feltham Juvenile Court; Mr. C. N. Gallie is a former secretary of the Railway Clerks' Association and member of the T.U.C. General Council; Sir Alexander Ramsay is a Director of the Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation (whose name, according to the Press, was alone greeted with Opposition cheers); Professor Seaborne Davies is professor of common law at Liverpool; Mr. J. Sullivan is chairman of the Scottish T.U.C. The Chairman of the Committee is Lord Oaksey (better known as Lord Justice Lawrence).

What they would hear almost daily in their six months' beat duty would be the confident assertion of their colleagues that "if it wasn't for the pension you'd never get a policeman to stand for five minutes." (In twenty-five years' police service I heard it so many thousands of times that I came to accept it as an article of faith.) And they might be lulled into a fatally convenient answer to the police recruiting problem—i.e. that the pension is all.

It is not. It hardly enters the heads of most young men when they join the police, and the few men to whom it is the real attraction are, *ipso facto*, the very men the force could do best without, men who started their working life preoccupied with "security" and have never known the urge to enterprise and adventure. The "pension mind" comes into operation, as a rule, after about ten years' service, especially in the case of the man who has failed (or never tried) to get promotion. Five per cent. of his basic pay for ten years has gone into the pension fund; in another fifteen years he can retire on half-pay. The ten have gone quickly enough, when he looks back. Why not do the other fifteen—he'll only be forty-five then? And, with his faculties occupationally dulled to the sense of time, he soldiers on until, having completed thirty years' service, he is entitled to a pension of two-thirds of his basic pay. In too many cases he has for twenty years lived a mainly vegetable life, bereft of incentive, weighed down by the past and wishing away the future. The pension has been his ball-and-chain.

I would suggest the drastic expedient of abolishing the pension altogether—or, better still, giving it to the man's widow when he dies—and at the same time *trebling* the basic pay of all ranks and leaving them to supplement the new State pension by individual life assurance. The continuance of so high a rate of pay would need, of course, to be made conditional on a comparably high standard of efficiency. But having got men to offer themselves in sufficient numbers to enable us to pick and choose, how are we to keep them in the force? Here, I believe, is the main problem facing Lord Oaksey's Committee. Why do a third of the men now joining resign within twelve months? This question involves at once an ancient paradox and a new aggravation of it.

The paradox is that the police service, which for at least a century has needed (but has seldom had) men of a high educational standard and of the liveliest intelligence, has always offered them unskilled labourers' wages. At the moment it offers them five guineas a week. The aggravation is that if it offered fifteen (a suggestion I make in all seriousness) it would then attract the class of recruit who would never stand the exhausting monotony of it—the fast-growing legion of graduates now overcrowding medicine, the law, and the snob jobs. ("The only people who stop in this job more than a year," said a disillusioned old bobby to me when I joined, "are philosophers and fools. You don't look like a philosopher to me.") It follows that the job must be rationalised as well as the pay.

Once the police was competing on level terms with the other professions it would need to conduct itself like a profession, treating the men as if they were really grown up, delegating far more responsibility to the lower ranks, mixing the intelligent jobs with those unavoidably monotonous, and allowing the uniformed constable to see the fruits of his own work. (I once asked a constable to give me the inside story of a High Court appeal which became a leading case in highway obstruction by motorists and is enshrined in the Law Reports in his name. He hadn't the slightest idea that the case ever went beyond the Magistrates' Court.)

The most improbable thing of all, however, is that the new Committee will make any revolutionary proposals about pay. Another pound a week, perhaps. (Another two pounds would put the policeman about where he was before the war.) If, the Committee would no doubt argue, the basic pay on joining were to be £750 a year, we should have to pay more than £750 to constables already serving, and very few of them are likely to be worth that to the taxpayer. Probably not many of them are—I know I wasn't: but until you set the "new deal" in motion they never will be.

The other grievances the Committee will hear about are all more or less capable of redress, but redressing them will not solve the Committee's problem. Housing is probably the gravest, but fundamentally it is simpler in the case of the police than in that of any other community except the armed forces: the Government already have the power to requisition and to determine "priorities." Discontent about the 48-hour week must await success in the recruiting drive—though I do not believe that the demand for Saturday afternoons by football fans need be taken too seriously. The complaint of policemen's wives that their husbands' hours of duty cut them off from normal social contacts would be less clamorous if the wives got more money—M.P.s, diplomats, doctors, commercial airmen, and press employees almost certainly see their wives less. Irksome and grandmotherly conditions of service ("a constable shall not play cards") are a spill-over, like the "Discipline Code" set out in the Police Regulations, from the Army of Wellington's day—you can find some of them still in the *Manual of Military Law*, a gag-book for Colonel Chinstrap. But thanks to Mr. Chuter Ede's initiative they are now being forced into an adult and sensible pattern.

There remains the vexed problem of "representative machinery." The close of World War I saw the beginnings of an unofficial Police Union, which engineered the successful 1918 police "strike" for better pay and conditions, and which, having thus succeeded beyond its organisers' wildest dreams, embarked on a disastrous and sparsely-supported second strike in 1919 for "recognition" and affiliation to the T.U.C. To the Home Office mind, a trade union for policemen would be rather like a Communist cell inside M.I.5; the 1919 strikers were all sacked and the "Union" died. (Some of its less militant supporters, having survived the purge, were still being victimised by their grateful beneficiaries when I joined in 1921.) The 1919 fiasco led to the establishment, under a new Police Act, of the Police Federation of England and Wales, to enable the men "to consider and bring to the notice of the police authorities and the Secretary of State all the matters affecting their welfare and efficiency, other than questions of discipline and promotion affecting individuals." The men settled down to watch for 30 years, with disillusionment turning to apathy, as the Home Office treated their Federation's countless (and sometimes footling) resolutions with scrupulous courtesy, indefatigable patience, and endless variation in the formulae to which it resorted for saying No.

You never hear any talk of "strikes" in the police service now, most of the men having the sense to see the absurdity of it and a discipline acquired by service in the armed forces; the new protest, made possible by the state of the labour market, is resignation from the force. But most of them regard the Federation as having been still-born. Because the Home Secretary holds the purse-strings he controls the police forces of England and Wales to a far greater extent than it is usual for Home Secretaries to admit in Parliament. And his No is final. The men now want some method of arbitration, on the lines of a Whitley Council; and the question whether they shall have one is, by implication, among the terms of reference of Lord Oaksey's Committee.

I shall be accused of having a superstitious veneration for the claims of the educated man, especially by those to whom an academic training and its effect on personality are the hall-marks of practical ineptitude and the stigmata of a privileged class. I had better conclude by saying, therefore, that what I have in mind is the verbal felicity and *perception* of language that a man needs for legal work, and that operate unbidden in the minds of most people who have read English at a University. I am, moreover, one of those who would have every chief constable a man who has served in the ranks (without which experience he will always have to be "carried" by his subordinates), and has in addition had a legal training. True, this country has many fine police officers whose expertness in the unravelling of tortuous statutory meanings will hardly be bettered, whatever class supplies the policemen of the future. But even to-day there are too few of them, and their like is not to be found among the thin trickle of recruits now being enticed into the service by five guineas a week and a minimum of five years' beat-plodding.

C. R. HEWITT

THE EGYPTIAN SCENE

Ever since the promulgation of the 1923 Constitution, Egypt's domestic politics have resolved themselves into a struggle for power between the Palace and the nationalist movement which was, at first, synonymous with the Wafdist Party and closely identified with the personality of Zaghlul Pasha, the Wafdist leader. But after the death of Zaghlul in 1927 the influence of the Wafd, under the leadership of Nahas Pasha, began to wane. By the end of 1930 the 1923 Constitution had been replaced by one more to the King's liking, and the Wafd was in the political wilderness. By the end of 1933 Sidqi Pasha, who had relieved the King both of the Wafd and of the 1923 Constitution, was himself out of office and temporarily discredited. By the middle of 1934 the country was virtually under a Palace dictatorship. The abuses which sprang from this dictatorship caused a revulsion of political feeling, and all parties began to draw together in opposition to the Palace.

The move towards a United Front was hastened by Mussolini's East African adventure and the necessity for choosing between the protection of Great Britain and that of Fascist Italy. Just as the Wafd was regarded as being preferable to the Palace, so was Great Britain regarded as being preferable to Italy. The Italophile proclivities of the Palace provided an additional reason for choosing Great Britain. Assisted by British diplomatic pressure, the United Front secured the re-establishment of the 1923 Constitution and the holding of elections. The Wafd was returned

with a large majority. Nahas, with the support of all political parties, became Prime Minister of a Wafdist Administration. An all-Party delegation was chosen to negotiate a Treaty with Great Britain. In May, 1936, King Fuad died; a Regency was formed until the new King should come of age. The Wafd was once more firmly in the saddle. The combination of domestic unity and international tension made possible the negotiation, signature and ratification of the 1936 Treaty on terms which, at the time, were regarded as highly satisfactory by all political parties in Egypt. In the following year Nahas consolidated his triumph at the Montreux Conference, when the Capitulations were abolished and, for the first time, an Egyptian Government became master in its own house.

All went well until 1938, when King Faruq attained his majority and the Palace returned to the political arena. The new King, who enjoyed the benefit of sagacious advice, was more popular than his father had been, and was soon able to take advantage of the centrifugal forces which had long since begun to operate on the United Front. Within a few months Nahas was out again. There followed a series ot Palace-inspired and Palace-supported coalitions. The second German war started and Egypt's new-found independence was largely nullified by the military necessities of the British forces.

At the beginning of 1942 Nahas was able to revenge himself on his opponents. The British authorities were dissatisfied with the co-operation they were getting from the Government of Sirry Pasha, and Nahas connived at the presentation of a British ultimatum to the King which insisted on the dismissal of the Sirry Administration and its replacement by a Wafdist Administration under Nahas.

By this time the Wafd had started to disintegrate. Some of the most able of Nahas' previous supporters had already seceded to form the Saadist Party. During his period of wartime office another important secession occurred when Makram Pasha Ebeid, who had been Nahas' right-hand man and *éminence grise*, left him with a small body of adherents to form the "Kutla." Towards the end of 1944 the cloud of resentment which had been gathering over Nahas' head, as a result both of his co-operation with the British and of certain alleged irregularities in his personal conduct, burst. The military situation no longer made it necessary for the British authorities to intervene. The King dismissed Nahas and his Government and called upon Ahmed Pasha Maher, the Saadist leader, to form an Administration. The result was a coalition composed of Saadists, Liberals, Watanists, Independents and Makram's Kutla. Elections, boycotted by the Wafd, were held early in 1945, and the Government inevitably got a majority. (Twentieth-century Egyptian, like eighteenth-century British, Governments nearly always win elections, and for the same reasons.) In April the Prime Minister was assassinated; he was suceeded both as Prime Minister and as leader of the Saadist Party by Nokrashy Pasha.

Four months later the war was over. Nationalist feeling, dammed up for six years by the wartime restrictions, began vociferously to express itself. All parties competed furiously with each other for possession of the driving seat on the nationalist band-wagon. The tumult and the shouting eventually became resolved into a more or less coherent demand for a revision of the 1936 Treaty.

Meanwhile, having got rid of Nahas, the Palace was once more making a bid for power. But Nahas' hat was still in the ring. It is much easier to be popular when in opposition than when in power, and the Wafdist Party organisation was still formidable. The King's political objection to the Wafd was sharpened by his personal resentment at Nahas' conduct in 1942. Nahas' talent for demagogy was extended to the full by the necessity for erasing his wartime Anglophilism from the popular memory. The King and Nahas became almost open rivals for popular favour. And in between them sat Nokrashy's Government, being squeezed from both sides like the Dormouse at the Mad Hatter's tea party. The Kutla and the Watanists left the coalition and added themselves to a clamourous but disunited opposition. Nokrashy resigned early in 1946, and was replaced by Sidqi, who had the reputation of being a strong man. Far abler and far more ruthless than Nokrashy, he was quite prepared to snap his fingers at the Opposition provided that he could rely on the support both of the Palace and of the British. As a preliminary to Treaty negotiations he secured from the British Government an advance pledge to evacuate British troops completely from Egypt in the event of a Treaty being concluded. But, in mid-negotiation, he lost the support of the Palace, which suddenly insisted on full Egyptian sovereignty over the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Sidqi thereupon resigned and Nokrashy came back into office at the head of a precarious coalition of Saadists and Liberals, which was dependent for its existence on the continued support of the Palace.

During its eighteen months of office the second Nokrashy Government has shown very little sign of being able to control the events over which it is presiding. The nationalist clamour from the regular opposition parties has been notably reinforced by the propagandist activities of the Moslem Brotherhood, a fanatical and irresponsible Youth movement which thrives both on the nationalist fervour of the students and on the economic complaints of the industrial workers, who are now becoming organised and articulate. In Anglo-Egyptian relations Nokrashy strove manfully to compete with the Opposition in the violence of his public references to British Imperialism. However odd his utterances may have sounded at Lake Success, they left the Opposition in Egypt with little to cavil at. But they completely destroyed any chance which he or anybody else might have had of concluding an agreement with Great Britain. The balloon of Anglophobia had become so tightly inflated that nobody was prepared to risk being blown out of political life by the blast that would accompany its pricking. In these circumstances it was impossible for discussion on the future of the Sudan or on the possibilities of an Anglo-Egyptian alliance to have any fruitful result.

Meanwhile strikes and the cost of living (which are of course interconnected) are displacing Anglo-Egyptian relations from the headlines. The Government has neither the administrative machinery for controlling the cost of living nor the popular confidence necessary to prevent the strikes from degenerating into riots. In particular, strikes of Government servants, often accompanied by violence, and including a strike of police officers in Cairo and Alexandria, are of almost weekly occurrence, and, as a result of the Government's forcible-feeble methods of dealing with them, seem likely to continue. What is happening is that the tournament of foreign politics (which has become a more or less formal arena for the pursuance of personal and political rivalries) is being replaced by the rough and tumble of social problems which cannot conveniently be dramatised and the solution of which cannot safely be delayed.

In twenty-five years of constitutional life Egypt has failed to evolve a "Centre" Party which is capable of providing a stable equilibrium. The Palace is still strong enough to keep the Wafd out, but it is by no means strong enough to keep it quiet. From the point of view of popular esteem it is certainly losing ground to the Wafd. On the other hand, much of the Wafd's previous popularity with the students and with the youth generally has been lost to the Moslem Brotherhood, whose future political affiliations are quite unpredictable, but whose future influence is likely to be disastrous. The limits of that future influence will depend on the extent to which the regular machinery of government is rescued from its present state of impotence.

JOHN MARLOWE

TROUBLESOME PUPPETS

"A FRENCHMAN'S life isn't worth much in Saigon to-day"; "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow a hand grenade may be thrown into your car"; "If you want to travel from city to city you must either go by plane or in a long convoy." This was typical of the conversation amongst Frenchmen whom I met in Bangkok last February after their return from visits to Saigon.

The loyalty and the determination of the Vietnamese were vividly brought to my attention at a celebration of the New Year—the Tet—observed by the large Vietnamese community in Bangkok. We met at the Tu Te Tu pagoda at 9 a.m. Inside the pagoda Buddhist shrines were covered with offerings — bananas, papayas, pomelos, coconuts, rice wrapped in neat little triangular parcels, and bunches of flowers, mainly white freesias. Buddhist monks dressed in their customary orange robes joined in the celebration. The High Priest, a Vietnamese, had been a revolutionary in his younger days and had escaped from the French. During this war he has often fed and protected the refugees who have fled into Siam. The outside walls of the pagoda were decorated with an Exhibition. A map showed the recent offensive. A wall newspaper carried a poem written by Ho Chi Minh; it had been smuggled through forests and jungle and everyone was proud of its safe arrival. Photos from the Northern and Southern war fronts told the story of American arms captured from the French, of Staff meetings, illiteracy classes in the rear, and the decoration of guerilla leaders.

The celebration took place in the pagoda courtyard. A choir of boys and girls sang the Vietnamese national anthem, and then we stood in silence for those who had fallen on the battlefield. Incense burned in a Chinese urn set against the red and gold flag and a large painting of Ho Chi Minh. We placed joss sticks in a second urn filled with sand under a bright scarlet banner on which the words "In memory of our dead brothers" were written in Vietnamese. Representatives of youth, women and workers made speeches and Nguyen Duc Quy, the representative of his Government, eloquently appealed to all to work hard for the men at the front. In the streets outside, Chinese fireworks pop-popped an accompaniment like the crackle of machine-gun fire.

Three hours away by plane, the French were launching a heavy attack against the Viet-Nam forces in the Plaine des Joncs, using land forces with powerful air and naval support and a number of paratroop detachments. The Viet-Nam guerillas soon hit back and two French convoys were destroyed near Saigon and many French troops killed. Although the French occupy the town of Saigon, it is unsafe to travel even a few miles outside, and anyone wanting to travel from Pnompenh to Saigon, for example, has to join a long convoy stretching for miles along the jungle roads. With the defeat of the French offensive this spring, the situation has become even more desperate, and the French have now ordered that all lights be extinguished between 7 p.m. and 5 a.m. Observers on the spot report increasing rumours of an impending full-scale Viet-Nam offensive on Saigon. Meanwhile, the Viet-Nam forces have carried out attacks near Hanoi, and here again the French fear guerilla activities which might capture or isolate this important town on the northern front. Thus, after eighteen months of war, which has engaged two-thirds of all overseas French fighting forces and has cost £125,000,000, the French military situation is steadily deteriorating. They can hold major cities and towns, keep open lines of communication and protect certain plantation areas and from time to time launch an offensive which is soon countered. It is generally estimated that they would need 500,000 well-equipped men to gain even a temporary victory and then the Vietnamese maquisards would continue guerilla warfare. To-day they have about 120,000 troops on the field, including 20,000

Foreign Legionaries, of whom many were young Nazis recruited from the French prisoner-of-war camps. They have no faith in victory and little interest in the war.

The war is equally disastrous on the economic field. Apart from the daily cost of the war—£250,000—the economy of Indo-China becomes more and more chaotic, and the millions of pounds invested in banks, railways, electric plants, coal mines, ricefields and rubber plantations yield little or no return. The French Statistical Service recently published in Saigon reports that Indo-China ended the year 1947 with an adverse trade balance of approximately 70 million dollars. Export figures have dropped to 7 per cent. of the 1938 figures, while imports have been maintained at 50 per cent. with an increase in imports from the United States.

The failure of France's military and economic offensives has compelled her to redouble her efforts in the political field. M. Bollaert, the French High Commissioner, seems to have had one success in the past six months when two hundred elephants knelt before him in a solemn ceremony of the Moi clan known as the Great Oath. One of these hillsmen put a ring on his finger symbolising his entry into their clan and M. Bollaert declared: "France will remain here to protect the hill people and bring them more justice and prosperity." Such flowery language might impress colourful tribesmen but M. Bollaert has been singularly unsuccessful in his six months' "general post" game of negotiations with Bao-Dai, the ex-Emperor of Annam. Last December they met on a French ship in the Bay of Along. I heard it rumoured out in the Far East that an agreement was initialled by which Bao-Dai would return as a constitutional monarch, the French price for support being the right to have certain military bases and control of communications. Whatever may be the truth of these rumours, the talks were followed up in Europe at the end of December, Bao-Dai having in the meantime flown from Hong Kong to Switzerland. Whilst he was there the French Government made a childish gesture of "strength" in arresting M. Tran Ngoc Danh, Head of the Viet-Nam Delegation in Paris, and searching the office. Bao-Dai, as well as many leading Frenchmen, urged, and later achieved, M. Danh's release. By the time Bao-Dai arrived in Paris, M. Bollaert had rather hastily flown back to Indo-China where the offensive in the Plaine des Joncs had just been launched. Bao-Dai met a number of French leaders, mostly at "discreet" dinner-parties, but nothing seems to have happened, and in due course he returned to Hong Kong.

The French now seem to have abandoned the idea that their problem could be solved by using Bao-Dai as their No. 1 puppet in Indo-China. Clearly he had little support in the country, and was quite unable to guarantee support for any scheme concocted in Paris and Saigon. But there is very little reason to believe that the French will do any better with their latest political offensive which brings General Nguyen Van Xuan back to the centre of this troubled political stage. General Xuan has been the puppet head of the Cochin-China "Government" for the past two years, during which period, as we have already seen, the French have fought a losing battle. Had General Xuan had the support of the Vietnamese people, there would have been no need to trouble Bao-Dai to leave the luxuries of his retreat in Hong Kong for the austerity of a European holiday in the depth of winter.

On May 20th a Conference was held in Saigon attended by forty people whom the French had selected from the three provinces of Viet-Nam—Tongking, Cochin-China and Annam. The Conference "elected" General Xuan as President of the "Provisional Central Vietnamese Government," and the French have now formally recognised it. This means that the two provinces of Tongking and Annam are added to the puppet kingdom of Cochin-China. The fact that Xuan's first communique referred to Bao-Dai as "His Majesty" suggests that the French hope to add pageantry to politics by persuading the wandering ex-Emperor at least to return home.

But a political pageant is a poor show when 120,000 French troops are imposed on the country in a vain effort to re-establish France in its former colony, and no puppet Government is likely to achieve any real authority as long as they remain. Vietnamese resistance is as strong as it ever was, and during the past two months, not only has it defeated the latest French offensive in Cochin-China, but both in Cambodia and in Laos guerilla activities have increased in various sectors. The people of all parts of Indo-China want peace, and they want independence. Even Bao-Dai himself, willing puppet as he is, knows that Ho Chi Minh must be brought into any real negotiations, and is reported to have made that a condition of his taking over the Presidency of the present "Government." The French have so far failed in their varied negotiations, and it is extremely unlikely that anyone but President Ho Chi Minh could guarantee any agreement, since any guarantee rests ultimately on the support of the people.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

THEY TALK OF LOVE

THE Moscow author Aleksei Makedonski was met at the station by two representatives of the Pedagogical Institute's trade-union committee—Zhenya Kudryashova and Misha Terentyev. They took him to his hotel room and then went on saying "goodbye until to-night" for so long that at last he realised they wanted to stay, and asked them to be seated. They sat down and Misha Terentyev began:

"We wanted to consult you."

"I suppose you write," said Makedonski dejectedly. "Poetry, of course. I'm a prose-writer."

"O no, we're not writers," said Misha, to Makedonski's great relief. "We've prepared a lecture for the literary evening," and he pointed to a pile of marked books, "or rather, I prepared it, but Zhenya here agrees with me on the main points. It might contradict what you'll have to say."

"What is the subject?"

"Love."

"That's not very topical," the author smiled. "There was a time when we were captivated by love. I myself lectured about two hundred times on love and friendship. But now authors are preoccupied with other subjects. Zaraiski, for example, has just finished a novel on the latest methods of processing steel."

"How interesting!" exclaimed the polite Zhenya, with a certain touch of exaggeration.

"The manuscript has been sent to the Ministry of Medium Machine Building for vetting. Then the great silent Mikhail Svobodny has written a poem on ensilage."

"And doesn't anyone write any more about love?" Zhenya asked timidly.

"One doesn't seem to hear about it," the author remarked dryly.

"Do you know Zhanna Hausner?"

"No. Why? Does she write about love?"

"Yes. You haven't read her novel 'Here we are back home,' have you, published in 'Zvezda'?

"No. Interesting?"

"I'll say so," said Misha with some heat. "Two of the characters fall in love—Zhenya Osetrova and Vasya Pevtsov. While out boating they thrash matters out. . ."

"In Turgenev's lyrical genre?" asked Makedonski mockingly.

"Not quite. Just read for yourself," and Misha handed him the periodical.

Makedonski began to read while the students earnestly followed his expression:

"Zhen," said Vasya, spitting out his cigarette-end into the water, "maybe I'll go to the Urals. Want to work in a big plant. Foundry. Not a stinking hole of a factory. Like to come? How about it?"

Zhenya blushed, but said calmly: "We'll see . . ."

The boat swayed and Vaska slumped down heavily and kissed Zhenya on the lips.

"Fool!" said Zhenya. "The guitar nearly fell into the water!"

Vaska made to kiss her again, but Zhenya said: "If you're in earnest, Vasili Ivanovich" (calling him like this for the first time), "There is no need to act the fool."

"Certainly not in the Turgenev genre," Makedonski commented, laying down the magazine. "What a savage! She's had a ten-year education and hasn't realised what a bumptious rogue the fellow is. She even goes out boating with him."

"She afterwards waits for him for four years. They meet after the war. I'll read it to you," said Misha.

He began to read, while Makedonski's face grew more and more depressed:

She could not restrain herself any longer and said in a loud whisper: "Vasya."

He stopped, looked at her, took his cigarette out of his mouth.

"Well, well!" he said, "so it's you, is it? Hallo!"

"Have you come from Germany?" Zhenya asked, turning pale.

"That's right. From Cologne. Heard of it maybe?"

"Why from Cologne?" Makedonski intercepted. "Our troops weren't there. And why the 'heard of it, maybe'? She'd been to school, hadn't she?"

"I don't know," said Misha. "That's what it says. This is how it goes on:"

"I've got my luggage at the station. I've brought back a German accordion. It's a good one! And I've brought some other things as well."

"So you're back," Zhenya added, trying to catch his eye. "Yes, back! Zurück! Nach Hause!"

"Enough," the author interrupted. "And you say this is 'about love'! And do they all talk like this?"

"There are some older people as well," said Zhenya. "Valezhnikov and Nina. They're polite, but also somehow direct, not wasting words. Listen:"

"Do you love Misha very much, Ninochka?" asked Semyon Ilyich in a low voice.

"I love children in general," she replied.

"Would you like to be his mother and my wife?" asked Semyon Ilyich impetuously.

She threw a surprised glance at him and blushed slightly.

"Enough," cried Makedonski. "I must meet Zhana Hausner and explain to her that you can't throw a surprised glance at somebody and that you cannot marry, or write novels, impetuously. These are serious matters, and all this stuff sounds so commonplace. . ."

"She's not the only one. There are many like her. Panova for instance. Do you remember that place in 'Kruzhilikha'?"

"I haven't read it. But I followed the discussion. I don't get time to read, what with lectures, conferences, special duties and what not."

"I'll read you the bit where the designer Nonna is looking at Andrei's picture:

"D'you like it or don't you like it?" he asked curtly.

"I like it," she said.

"And what do you like most of all?"

She thought and said:

"That cloud."

"You obviously don't know a single damn thing about it," he said and covered the picture over with a cloth. "But can you marry me?"

"So," said Makedonski, "one acts impetuously and the other one swears."

"How I would like to read about love!" said Zhenya with a sigh. And she blushed.

"You must go to the theatre."

"We've been. Recently we saw Avdeenko's play 'Contemporaries.' It was during a cultural excursion in the holidays."

"Is that the Avdeenko who wrote 'I love'?"

"Yes, the same one. But that's love in another sense. There's a certain Kalashnikov in the play

who plans his engagement without even warning the girl or talking it over with her."

"Some backward type or other, I suppose."

"Not a bit of it! A Stakhanovite, a front-line worker, a Hero of the Soviet Union. Then we wanted to produce Semyon's play 'Where there was no black-out.' Didn't you see it?"

"It's not on in Moscow."

"Yes, it is. And haven't you read it?"

"I don't read plays. I'm a prose-writer."

"There's also a young Stakhanovite in the play—the steel smelter Pavel Khlopotov. This is how he talks to his girl:"

"Anyway our next talk about love will be after the war . . . When the war's over, I'll sleep for three days. Then I'll get up, wash, eat, and then I'm at your service to discuss all personal problems."

"And does he talk about personal problems?"

"He doesn't talk, he acts. Like this:"

"Well, if Nikolai's alive . . . (seizing Galina by the hand) Mother, give us your blessing."

"He seizes her by the hand. Without a word. I see. . ."

"I was given the part of Pavel Khlotopov," said Misha, "but I refused, I was ashamed."

"Don't you write about love," Zhenya asked Makedonski after a long pause.

"Not much," the author admitted. "But in my last book love played a certain part. The hero works in the Urals, rebuilding a metal plant, and the heroine is reclaiming marshes in Belo-Russia."

"How interesting. How do they meet?"

"They don't meet. Why should they?"

"But don't they love each other?"

"Of course. He saw her portrait in the 'Ogonek' and fell in love with her. And she read about him in an article in 'Trud' and likewise fell in love."

"Without seeing each other?" asked Misha with faltering voice.

"Well, we can't make use of old-fashioned meetings in the Turgenev manner. He loves her in the Urals, and she him in Belo-Russia. And that's good enough for them."

"It's time we went," said Misha. "We've got work to do."

L. MALYUGIN

(*Translated by George Stuyck from the Russian humorous weekly "Krokodil" of March 20, 1948.*)

The Arts and Entertainment

MONTEVERDI'S POPPEA

THE plot, as adapted by Busenello from Tacitus, makes a curiously amoral effect. Nero, neglecting his empress Ottavia, indulges a guilty passion for the married Poppea. Seneca makes a vain attempt to reform his royal pupil, and is obliged to commit suicide (a scene made memorable by the wonderfully expressive protests of his disciples). The wronged parties having bungled a plot to murder the ambitious Poppea, are sent into exile; whereupon Poppea ceremoniously ascends the throne, and joins her imperial partner in a love duet of exquisite calm, wherein no overtones are audible but those of pure happiness. Bad girl makes good!

There are several earlier duets for the lovers which, in sympathetic sensuousness and even in formal outline, foreshadow the nineteenth century: already we hear chains of repeated "Addios" and even amorous sixths. *Orfeo* was written in 1608 for a princely court, *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* in 1642 for one of the first two public opera-houses; in these duets, in the new *da capo* aria-form and in the comic interludes, we see not only the dilution of the austere neo-classical ideals of the Florentines, but the rise of a new class of virtuoso actor-singers. In catering for these supple-voiced professionals, the old composer was clearly enjoying himself; *Orfeo* has nothing to match the seductive charm of such a lyrical sequence as the nocturnal scene in Poppea's garden: her prayer to Amor, its drowsy ending and the nurse's beautiful lullaby.

The Morley College group, once more our benefactors, planned this important occasion with less than their usual skill. It makes dull work sitting through wads of recitative sung in Italian, without either action or spectacle or the indispensable compensation of having the words to follow. To make things worse, the plot-summary, exactly as printed in the programme, was solemnly read out to us, at intervals, by a "narrator"; in the churchy atmosphere of the Central Hall, we almost felt like joining in. In spite of enormous cuts the performance lasted more than three hours; it might have been better, in a concert presentation, to have omitted the bulk of the "pure" recitative, concentrating on the arias, *canzonette* and *ariosi*, and relying on the programme to explain their sequence and content. Walter Goehr conducted an ensemble in which Max Meili, Eugenia Zareska and Theo Hermann sang with more passion than some of their English colleagues.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SCULPTURE IN THE PARK

THE success of the exhibition which now enlivens the garden in the middle of Battersea Park is already acclaimed; and with good reason. To begin with, the sculpture itself looks magnificent. It is lit, from below, by a hot yellow-green light off the lawns; and, from above, by a cold blue from the sky. Then the white of direct sunlight and its corresponding dark shadows make a second scheme, which is superimposed on the first, providing a counterpoint in illumination. Such an interplay of light—an interplay complicated still further by varying intensities of light from the sides—reveals the full richness of the sculptural forms and makes evident the complex character of even the most simplified. Furthermore, the substitution of vibrating foliage for the hard, finite walls of a great gallery, and of a million blades of grass for its marble floors, greatly assists the transformation of familiar Tate furniture into figures which live and breathe. Thus Maillol's bronze, *Woman with Necklace*, abandoning her polished niche, comes marvellously into her own in an alcove of three dusky holly bushes: the leaves, glistening in the sun, perfectly echo her own metallic highlights. Is there any reason why she should go back to prison in the autumn? Indeed, why should not all the fourteen works lent by the Tate stay on in this garden indefinitely—or, if not here, be assembled in some other London park or square? But the present site would surely do for a permanent outdoor display of sculpture: Battersea Park is hardly more difficult to get to than the Tate itself.

As summer draws on I believe the success of the venture will be measured in terms sociological as well as aesthetic. Will it always be so fashionable to assert the modern artists' remoteness from popular thought and feeling? To judge by the heterogeneous company that sauntered, lounged, slept, picnicked in the company of the exhibits the other afternoon, absorbing a little of Moore or Maillol between gossips, I should say not. Battersea no less than Chelsea had thought "sculpture with your leisure," as it were, worth the shilling. Further, one heard no giggles: a serious, undemonstrative scrutiny seemed everywhere directed on academic and modern exhibits alike.

Of the former, Sir W. Reid Dick's *The Manchild*, with its spurious sentiment and meaningless skill, appeared particularly out of place in a show intended to be representative of the last fifty years in European sculpture; the more so as one reflected upon the absence of Brancusi, Gaudier-Brzeska, Picasso (the greatest sculptor in France), Gabo, Calder and Barlach. Unfortunately, Reid Dick is not the only British exhibitor whose skill seems divorced from artistic intention. Judged by vital standards, the works by Wheeler, Thomas, Ledward and Hardiman have little in their favour: the emotion they give off is not aesthetic emotion; it comes from the subject of the work; it is not generated by the sculpture itself. Indeed as sculpture Wheeler's *Spring* is clumsy: we immediately wonder how it is the toes don't break off under the strain of holding the "airy" figure upright. In the case of Dobson an equally arid formula, though a different one, is all we can discover: he has

This summer

thousands of boys and girls will be leaving school and in most areas of the country little or no provision will have been made for their continued education.

Yet four years ago an Act full of promise and good intentions was passed and these same boys and girls might by now have had the opportunity to continue their general, technical, artistic or commercial education to fit themselves for a fuller and more enjoyable life as citizens. Why wait for elaborate plans, buildings that cannot possibly be begun for years, highly specialised teaching staffs and everything else that goes towards Further Education under ideal conditions? How much improvisation is practicable meanwhile?

With such ideas in their minds the Publishers founded a monthly journal—"Further Education"—in April 1947. Its purpose is to gather news and views about this side of education—to pool ideas from all parts of this country and abroad so that those planning and developing Further Education might know what others are thinking and doing about it.

"Further Education" aims at being at once a prompter and an inspiration to all those working voluntarily or officially on the Third Stage of the '44 Act.

The Publishers have now decided to make "Further Education" a quarterly with the next number—out on June 1st. This issue will include full-length discussions on many important aspects of Further Education. Among the contributions will be:

PLANNING FURTHER EDUCATION
John Armitage

EDUCATION INTO DEMOCRACY
John Middleton Murry

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTES
S. R. Gayton

RURAL SCIENCE IN COUNTY COLLEGES
R. M. Underhill

ADULT STUDENTS AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES
A. E. Austin

PRISONER INTO CITIZEN
C. H. Rolph

MENTAL HEALTH CONGRESS
The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler

AT THE RECEIVING END
Margery Lancaster

REVIEWS of NEW BOOKS

Mr. Hunter Diack is the new editor, and the journal has a different format, Demy 8vo. 96 pages.

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evolved a very obvious academic cubism which, though free of second-rate literary sentiment, is boring as form. Hermes, Lambert, Underwood and Pollen are all more sensitive artists, though their forms are not worked out to a fully articulate conclusion. Karin Jonzen alone of the younger British exhibitors seems mature and accomplished. This leaves us with four modern British sculptors of outstanding achievement: Mr. Moore, Mr. Epstein, Miss Hepworth and Eric Gill. Of Moore's *Three Standing Figures* I will only say here that I believe it is the greatest single work in sculpture or painting to be accomplished by an English artist in the present century. London is indeed lucky to have been presented with a masterpiece that will rank with the major works of Maillol or Picasso, to name two sources of Henry Moore's inspiration. Among the French sculptors, Maillol and Despiau are still supreme: Laurens, Lipchitz and Zadkine are all highly imaginative and adventurous artists but in none is a *sculptural* vision so advanced as in Moore. Zadkine is really rendering a pictorial imagery.

PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"A Double Life," at the Leicester Square
"Daybreak," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Whatever we may have said, complaining delicately and, as it were, on the highest level about Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*, we never thought to find ourselves, three weeks later, confronted with Mr. Ronald Colman as Othello! That sorry spectacle (when may we expect to see Miss Hepburn as Lady Macbeth?) is indeed to be found at the Leicester Square cinema. It is one that no theatre would house; but in the film we have to pretend that Mr. Colman's performance has held audiences in Broadway spellbound for two years and more; only his suicide on the stage ends its run. We have to pretend also that Mr. Colman is a great actor, though all the time knowing him for a usually modest minor one. And that's not the end of pretence. The "great actor" portrayed by Mr. Colman becomes so infected with his role that he develops a split personality and tries to murder Desdemona, his mistress, on the stage; and failing in that goes off to purge his soul by strangling a tart in a back-street. Final incongruity: Desdemona's mimic death, night after night, and the real death of the tart are brought about not by strangling but by a mysterious "Kiss of Death," which sets all the town talking. This may seem to us not so much the invention of "great acting" as of less than good script-writing.

A Double Life, in other words, is pretty fair nonsense, however you look at it. Here, roughly, is the theme of Pirandello's *Henry IV* treated on the thriller level. A certain tension, a measure of good acting (despite the absurdities), good direction and good photography make the most of incongruous material, but still the result is very far below both the psychology and the thrills of *Lost Week-End*. Mr. Colman, looking genuinely worried, wins our sympathy. The script by Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon and the direction of George Cukor are both decently professional. Those who haven't read *Hamlet* and have never heard of *Othello* will stand the best chance of enjoying this much-Oscared piece.

Another double life involves in *Daybreak* another incongruity as striking as that of Mr. Colman attempting Shakespearean tragedy. The hero (Eric Portman) is a public hangman, and each time he has an engagement to fulfil he tells his young wife (Ann Todd) that he has to go away on business. She grows in the end rather curious. So do we. After all not everyone develops this kind of hobby, and we can't help wondering why Mr. Portman should. He speaks with a Yorkshire accent, has been a hairdresser and lives on a barge; the sequel hardly seems to follow. He doesn't appear either as the victim of perversity or as an apprentice from a hanging family. There he is, with his grim appointments and his pretty wife whom he leaves alone on the barge, so that tragedy is only to be expected. The film has a very agreeable background of the Thames about Gravesend, and (if you can check your curiosity about Mr. Portman's status) some realism and humour in the telling.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE production of M. Jean Anouilh's *Medea* in the Third Programme the other evening made one realise how much our contemporary poets and dramatists suffer from the absence among the English of a sense of the living reality of Greek myth such as the French appear to have. M. Anouilh's is a most exciting and disturbing work. He is not writing a pastiche of Greek tragedy, nor can one say that he is offering us a new interpretation of the legend. His setting remains Crete, but his extraordinarily skilful and discreet use of anachronism has the effect of neutralising the associations which Greek tragedy has for most of us without at the same time producing anything so vulgar as Greek tragedy in modern dress. What he gives us is a timeless *Medea;* he disengages the archetypal theme; and in this he is strengthened by the extreme simplicity of the structure of his play, which is scarcely more than a series of dialogues between Medea on the one hand and the Nurse, Creon, and Jason on the other. He works, as it were, with a minimum of stage properties. This simplicity, together with his highly charged, strongly rhythmical language, very well translated by Mr. Lothian Small, enables him to express daimonic passion—pride, hate, jealousy, lust for power—with a naked intensity such as one has rarely if ever heard on the air before. It terrified; here was the war between the sexes being fought at positively Strindbergian pitch but with a greater directness than Strindberg ever used; and there were no nineteenth-century trappings to distract us. One had the sense of eternal passion, eternal pain blazing under an illimitably black night. Or rather, one did when Miss Mary Morris was at the microphone; her Medea was memorable. But none of the other actors, apart from Miss Barbara Trevor as the Nurse, appeared to live on the same plane. The illusion she created faded when the other duellists in the action, Creon, Jason, had to contend with her. Then passion faded into the light of common day. That fine but stylised actor Mr. Bernard Miles was surely mis-cast. As the Jason who says, "I want to be ordinary," he was convincing enough, but he suggested the tired intellectual, subtle, smooth-voiced and reasonable, never the earlier Jason, the ruthless predatory hero. The play called for much better production than it got. What should have been brought home was the primitive nature of the action; this came over, when it did, through Anouilh's surging language and the efforts of Miss Morris, and in defiance of the production. The constant fluffing, from which not even Miss Morris was immune, pointed to under-rehearsal; and the music in the background, necessary as it was from time to time, was ultimately an irritating irrelevance. All the same, we are very much in the debt of the Third Programme for being given the chance of hearing the play at all. For the second time this month the B.B.C. has beaten the theatre in what is one of their common duties, the bringing to our attention of works of distinction from abroad.

The current series of feature programmes called *First Hearing*, devoted to the work of writers new to radio, has so far been disappointing, though one remembers with pleasure a lively documentary on costermongers and, early on, a sensitive sketch of life among Romans in Britain in the fourth century. These might very well be rebroadcast at a less inaccessible hour of the day than three-thirty in the afternoon. So, one hopes, will the most recent, *I Was Born in a Market-Place*, a charming recreation of a small boy's life in a market-town in County Kerry years ago. It would have gained in strength, I think, by cutting; three-quarters of an hour is overlong for a programme of personal reminiscence. But

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Company Meeting

UNITED MOLASSES

REBUILDING PROGRAMME

The twenty-second annual general meeting of the United Molasses Co., Ltd., will be held in London on June 16.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Sir F. Michael K. Kielberg, K.B.E., circulated with the report for the year 1947:—

Present indications are that we may expect delivery of eleven tankers by late spring 1951. As none of the tankers now on order could be placed at a firm price, the total liability in connection with the building programme upon which we have embarked can only be estimated, but the amount will probably be in the region of £6,500,000. The completion of even this ambitious programme only tells part of the task ahead of us. Although the eleven tankers on order will by 1951 restore our Molasses Fleet to its pre-war carrying capacity, we shall probably in the early fifties find it necessary to order additional tonnage to replace old reconditioned tankers.

Based on present costs, this further building programme will involve additional capital outlay of anything from £3,500,000 to £4,000,000. It is our intention, if at all possible, to finance any such new building programme out of future earnings. To do so will, in face of present-day taxation, prove no easy task, although the anticipated earnings of the eleven new tankers, helped by the first year's initial depreciation allowance of 20 per cent., plus the normal 6¼ per cent. depreciation per annum, should prove of material assistance.

Trading for the first four months of the current year has been satisfactory and the prospects are not unpromising.

it very successfully built up a picture of a way of life that one assumes has now disappeared even in Eire, the days when the weekly visit to market provided the farmer and his family with all the entertainment now got from the cinema and what Mr. MacMahon, the author and narrator of the programme, engagingly called "the cunning and versatile radio." The programme sympathetically produced by W. R. Rodgers. WILLIAM SALTER

REVIVAL OF "JOB" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE Gala performance at the Royal Opera House in aid of the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund was an occasion which Markova and Dolin gracefully honoured by performing a not very exciting *pas de deux*. It is surprising to reflect that Ninette de Valois' magnificent ballet *Job* was created by her in its essentials seventeen years ago. No doubt Vaughan Williams would no longer uphold his objection to its being called a ballet but, in fact, "danced masque" is a more appropriate title. No music would seem less adapted for dancing, yet Miss de Valois has discovered exactly the right style of movement for its interpretation, and now, performed for the first time with Vaughan Williams's full score and with John Piper's magnificent decor, the grandeur of her conception is completely realised. It must be seen more than once to appreciate its intricate choreographic pattern, a rhythmic counterpoint woven upon the music though, as often in Eastern dancing, not dynamically supported by it. Only a very intelligently and musically trained body of dancers could have given it so convincing a performance. I cannot quite understand why *Job* must remain throughout so glumly static. Could not his prosperous self-gratulation be indicated at the opening by a somewhat pompous bearing, and could he not, as in Blake's drawing, be allowed one passionate prostration before his Maker?

This is Piper's finest decor, indeed one of his finest pieces of work, and its beauty is intensified by Michael Benthall's imaginative lighting. How thrilling in the strange lunar nightmare of Job's despair is the sudden vision of a deeper depth where Satan is dimly discerned emerging from a black canopy of twining hands! But each scene provides a finely imagined picture. He has not perhaps found quite the right solution for the angels' wings, and must Job's sons wear quite such drab eurhythmic tunics in the first scene? They look splendid in their blue-and-red draperies when Satan smites them.

Robert Helpmann's rendering of Satan was powerful and very moving, Massine's Elihu was beautiful and perfectly Blake-like in line. War, Pestilence and Famine, Three Messengers and Job's Comforters were admirably danced and mimed; Job, his Spiritual Self, and the *corps de ballet* in its varied functions were all excellent. Vaughan Williams and Sir Adrian Boult, who conducted this great work, dedicated to him, received a huge ovation, as of course did Ninette de Valois. The evening was indeed a personal triumph for Covent Garden's three principal choreographers, for *Hamlet* was also on the programme, and Frederick Ashton, who appeared after an excellent performance of *Symphonic Variations*, received the last and almost the warmest ovation. It is not usual to mention the scene-painter by name, but Jack Cross, in *Hamlet*, and Clement Glock, in *Job*, are so outstanding in this art of translation as to deserve one's tribute.

I have little space for Pola Nirenska's dance recital. She is an expressive and, above all, a musical dancer. Her *Eastern Ballad* and *Mad Girl* were striking; in the former her hand gestures, though not authentically Chinese, had a curiously significant quality; and in the latter she showed remarkable contrasts of characterisations. And a professional musician paid her the tribute of saying that her rendering of Debussy's *Puerta del Vino*, which he thought he knew intimately, had revealed to him some musical nuances of which he had not before been conscious.

BERYL DE ZOETE

TRANSIENT GODS

Strange that the self's continuum should outlast
The Virgin, Aphrodite and the Mourning Mother,
All loves and griefs, successive deities
That reign supreme within the human breast.

Abandoned by the gods, woman with an ageing body
That half remembers the annunciation,
The passion and the travail and the death
That wore the mask of my humanity,

I marvel at the soul's indifference.
For in her theatre the play is almost done,
The tears are shed; the actors, the immortals,
In their eternal manifestation, elsewhere gone.

And I who have been virgin, and Aphrodite,
The mourning Isis and the queen of corn
Wait for the last mummer, dread Persephone
To dance my dust at last into the tomb.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Correspondence

FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Mr. Rothstein, who seems to know all the answers, has a simple remedy. Instead of crabbing the details of an outsider's attempt to give a picture of forced-labour in the U.S.S.R. let him supply the true picture. The world is eager for it. But until it is forthcoming we can only assume that the Soviet Government has good reason for withholding it. We are thus driven back on the reasoned approximations of Dr. Dallin and others. For our purpose, as I said in my article, the really important thing is that on Dr. Dallin's showing forced labour (whether embracing two or twenty million prisoners) has plainly become an integral part of the Soviet economy. Dr. Dallin's evidence bears out and never contradicts the limited evidence of my own eyes. Mr. Rothstein's debating figures leave this central thesis untouched.

As an indication of Mr. Rothstein's mentality it should be recorded that the "malicious gossip" upon which much of Dr. Dallin's evidence is built consists in great part of the formal testimony of countless Poles who were one-time Soviet prisoners. From my own personal observation in Russia during the war I can say that these Polish victims have, as a rule, shown extreme moderation in their accounts of what happened to them in Russia and to their friends and relatives who died there. Since in so many particulars these accounts bear out what I have seen, I am more likely to believe their authors (and, through them, Dr. Dallin) when they speak of matters outside my own experience than Mr. Rothstein who ignores observed facts and puts up a smoke-screen of negative statistics.

When Mr. Rothstein or the Soviet Government offers an account of the forced-labour system in the U.S.S.R. which does not contradict existing factual (as distinct from deductive) evidence it will be time to discuss the matter further. So far, however, the bully has maintained a bland silence while his toadies urge us not to believe the cries of the victims because they, poor souls, are biased. EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Church House, Sandhurst, Kent.

SIR,—Mr. Rothstein, in your issue of the 22nd, writes that an official report indicates that 100,000 prisoners built the Baltic-White Sea Canal. Could he, please, tell us what is—or was in any recent year—the total number of prisoners used by the Soviet Government "for corrective labour in works of public importance . . ." or is there here a gap in Soviet statistics? FRANK HARDIE

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SIR,—Mr. Andrew Rothstein came out with all guns blazing away against Mr. Dallin's *Forced Labour in Soviet Russia* and Mr. Crankshaw's review of this book. True, many of Mr. Dallin's figures and lists do not sound very convincing. Whether that is due to Dallin's "intentional distortions," "malicious gossip" or "professional poisoning of international relations" is another question. It may be so; but even if Dallin had the best intentions to give a correct picture, would he or anybody else been granted the facilities by the Soviet Government to tour the camps and compile the necessary figures?

I can but repeat that it is an easy task to attack Dallin's book, which does not make too good an impression; but Mr. Rothstein in his lengthy attack leaves us still with a burning question to which he gives no answer whatsoever: Is it true that such forced labour camps exist at all? Is it true that conditions there are so appalling?

It is this human side of the controversy that interests a normal human being foremost, although that side of the question may be of no interest to the political partisan. Why, assuming that Mr. Rothstein has evaded the issue for good reasons, are there no forced labour camps in those devilish Western Democracies and why is it necessary to keep them up in "the first country where the workers and peasants have built Socialism"? A FOREIGNER

SIR,—Apologists for Tsarist Russia in its latter years must be in difficulties if they resort to Dr. J. R. Baker's argument about 1860. Your readers need only refer to G. H. Perris's *Russia in Revolution* (1905) and to Peter Kropotkin's *The Terror in Russia* (1909). They will find all the record of barbaric cruelty required to refute Dr. Baker. JUDITH TODD

SIR,—May I put right an unintended ambiguity in my letter about Dallin's book? One of the letterheads reproduced there (p. 78) is not that of a camp at all, but of the Magadan *office* of the North-Eastern (Dalstroy) "camps"—how many, unstated. This therefore might add a few thousand to the 45,600 prisoners. But, like the other letterheads, it refers neither to "clusters" nor to "regions." Another facsimile on the same page, referring to the Lower Amur camp, is wrongly translated "camps" by Dallin—this apart from the statistical jugglery I dealt with last week. ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

TIMBER IN GERMANY

SIR,—Critic refers to the F.A.O. publication *Soil Erosion* and how our civilisation, like others before it, is threatened by the swirling dust of exhausted soils. This danger is now arising in Germany. At a time when civilisation is threatened at so many points it is all too easy to overlook this less obvious menace. But the future of agriculture and of industry and the maintenance of life in Central Europe are at stake.

The felling of trees, especially those of 80 years' growth and over, is proceeding at a pace which precludes adequate replacement. The lines of scientific forestry, as worked out in pre-Hitler Germany, are being disregarded. (It is only fair to say that Hitler himself was the first to disregard them in the gamble of war preparations.) It is true that only a relatively small proportion of the timber felled is exported. A very large proportion is used in Germany for fuel purposes in place of the Ruhr coal which it is our policy to export. In the winter of 1946-47 thousands of people were frozen to death and many more might have perished had people not swarmed into the forests and cut down trees at random to meet a desperate need. Last winter a small domestic coal ration was permitted in towns of over 10,000 inhabitants.

An article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 8 gives the 1947 level of industrial and of agricultural production in comparison to that of 1938 as only 37 per cent. and 65 per cent. respectively; "much of this failure was due to a lack of coal and steel for elementary reconstruction." (One may add that the lack of steel in itself is partly due to lack of coal.) If more coal were left to Germany much timber might be saved from the fire. It is also true, of course, that the export trade would gain far more than it would lose once the bottle neck were ended of an enforced coal shortage.

One must remember, moreover, that practically every industry—notably mining—depends in a number of ways direct or indirect on timber supplies. Further, most industries depend on water supplies which in turn are affected by the neighbouring forests. It is not only soil fertility and agriculture but the whole industrial activity of Germany which is threatened by the dual coal and timber policy of the Occupying Powers. DOROTHY F. BUXTON

CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—Mr. E. M. Forster's resignation from the National Council for Civil Liberties has been received with regret by the Executive Committee tempered, in some measure, by his assurance that he remains in sympathy with some of the Council's recent work.

Mr. Forster takes exception to the resolution of censure which I put to the recent annual general meeting of the Council, arising from the policy of removing persons holding certain political views from particular posts in the Civil Service. He disagrees with the view I expressed that this is a civil liberties issue and insists that the resolution was a political one. His assumption seems to be that an issue of this sort may be one or the other but cannot possibly be both. The history of the Council's work during the period Mr. Forster was actively associated with us surely disproves this assumption.

An outstanding example was the campaign of protest, fully supported by Mr. Forster, against the removal from office in 1937 of Major Vernon. Because the Council was satisfied that Major Vernon had been discharged on account of his political opinions, and that existing legislation and practice fully safeguarded the security of the State, a campaign was then waged, involving among other things, criticism of the Government of the day, similar to the campaign now in progress. That the majority of members and bodies affiliated to the Council share this view was shown by the number of protests received prior to the annual meeting and by the overwhelming support given to the resolution of protest at the meeting itself.

Mr. Forster has expressed his difference of view in the fair and courteous manner so characteristic of him and, in reiterating the Council's regret at his resignation, the Executive Committee wishes to record its deep appreciation of the services he has rendered in past years. L. C. WHITE
Chairman

GREEK JUSTICE

SIR,—I have been profoundly shocked to read a Reuter report from Athens that I have been sentenced in my absence from Greece to two-and-a-half years imprisonment for having translated an English war novel into Greek; still more, of course, in view of the lightly proffered and entirely groundless charges that I am an "agent" of foreign powers. May I draw attention to my case as an example of the irresponsibility of present-day Greek courts, which pass sentence without even notifying the person concerned or giving him or her the opportunity of representation or defence? I had no intimation whatever of my being accused until I read the Reuter report of my sentence.
HELLE LAMBRIDIS

SOVIET DIPLOMACY.

SIR,—My friend Mr. A. J. P. Taylor asserts in your issue of the 22nd, that in the American documents on *Nazi-Soviet Relations*, 1939-1941, I found "proof of Stalin's war-guilt," and that this "condemnation" is "based on the view that the Soviet effort at collaboration with the Germans was sincere." He obviously refers to my broadcast published in *The Listener* on March 11, 1948. In this I stated that the new documents "do not change the broad outlines

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of the picture" as seen previously, of which "the central fact is the obsessionist fear of the Bolsheviks of a coalition against them . . ." And I concluded:

For reasons which even now we can merely surmise, the Soviet Government decided that it was either unsafe or unprofitable for them to close with the Western Powers; therefore they made an agreement with Hitler, though they knew that this meant war; indeed, they wanted it to mean war; for this meant also a definite breach in the "capitalist" camp: and therein in my view lies Stalin's war guilt towards his own people and the world.

Now what is new in all this? And which of the facts cited above does not already appear in my book *Diplomatic Prelude*, 1938-39? And how does Stalin's wish for a break in the "capitalist" camp imply the view that "the Soviet effort at collaboration with the Germans was sincere"? As I do not believe that after Prague this country would have entered a coalition with Hitler, Stalin's move appears to me to have been as gratuitous as it was fatal. L. B. NAMIER

60 The Grampians,
W.6.

BUILDING COSTS

SIR,—With only the Simon Report in front of you, plus our first brief comments as published in the Press, it is not surprising that you have accepted the Committee's assessment of the "unjustifiable toll" which the builders' merchants levy. It should be made clear, however, that it is your own and not the Committee's opinion that the merchants' services "may once have been useful" but "have now become largely otiose." A good 25 per cent. of the Report is devoted to describing our services in a complimentary vein. Indeed I have described this part of the Report as almost a "Builders' Merchants' Charter." "Whatever the nature of the economic system or the economic policy," the Report states "the main functions of the distributor remain and there is no reason to suppose that the builders' merchants as we know them to-day will be substantially different for a number of years." This is something much more comprehensive and useful than helping private builders to find the cheapest market for their supplies.

With regard to the profits made by the merchants, our answer goes far beyond saying that they represent only a small part of the aggregate cost of building. The margins quoted in the Report are presumably factual, but the return on capital employed quoted by you is admittedly based upon a statement by some official of the Ministry of Works which is unsupported and is contradicted by a table of figures, presumably also factual, on page 94 of the Report. The Ministry in any case should have known better. This Council's accountant in 1944, at the request of the Ministry and in conjunction with the Ministry's accountant, extracted figures from the complete balance sheets and accounts of about a hundred builders' merchants, representing a good cross section of the industry. These showed an average of turnover as being under 2½ times the capital employed.

The description of distributors' associations as being semi-monopolistic is an opinion of the Committee which also is not backed by evidence disclosed in the Report. A treatise by a Mrs. Joan Robinson is offered as theoretical poof. The Report does not "disclose a system under which there is no real price competition in the merchandising of builders' materials." The Committee actually says "our examination of the field has revealed no industry producing building materials and components in which we can state with confidence that there is free competition in price," which only shows that the Committee's investigations were not sufficiently thorough because more than half the commodities sold by builders' merchants are not effectively controlled or not controlled at all.

I could say more, but hope that the above is enough to show that the Report is not to be taken as entirely reliable. DUDLEY PRYKE,

Distributors of Builders Supplies Chairman
Joint Council.

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS

SIR,—On May 15 Mr. Lunn states that (a) I misrepresented his views about the Spanish Church (I said he considered it as a champion of freedom) and (b) the rest of my letter was a series of "misrepresentations of the Spanish Church." What, exactly, did I misrepresent?

(a) I deliberately chose to say in my letter "Mr. Lunn *pretends* to see in the Spanish Church a champion of freedom" because I detected (as many of your correspondents have done) a note of insincerity or equivocation in his letter. He wrote on April 10th "On six occasions (Spanish) Liberal Governments were responsible for partial or complete disendowment of the Church, measures which were never popular with the poor. . . ." He was thus trying to create the impression that the Church stood for the people against some sort of persecution. Again, on May 15, he asserts: ". . . moreover, a *persecution* (my italics) in which thousands of priests and nuns were butchered is not a ground seed for tolerance." As everybody knows, this 1936 *persecution* was product of a revolt started by the very forces (Franco) to whom the Church gave every form of encouragement and incitement. If some priests and nuns were killed (a regrettable fact) many more ordinary men and women died in terrible circumstances as those in the Badajoz massacre. To call the Franco-cum-Church revolt in 1936 a persecution of priests and nuns on the part of the Republicans is the same as to dub the late war a persecution of the Nazis by the Allies. That is what I meant by Mr. Lunn's equivocal whitewashing of the Spanish Church.

(b) As to my "misrepresentations" of that Church, I would like to place a few considerations before Mr. Lunn.

You may remember the referendum that Franco held in Spain a year ago to ask the people whether they wanted Franco, yes or yes. (The wording on the card was so contrived that to write NO was tantamount to an acceptance of Franco). This referendum was popularly known throughout Spain as the *referendum* because the Bishop of Madrid-Alcalá had before the "polling" issued a tragicomic pastoral with injunctions to all Spaniards to vote yes (in case of doubt). The association in the popular mind of the Church with the wordly and corrupt aims of the State could not be more forcefully expressed.

In 1912, Joaquin Aguilera, Secretary for the Fomento, said that the Jesuits controlled "without exaggeration one-third of the capital wealth of Spain." They owned railways, mines, factories, banks, shipping companies, orange plantations. Their working capital was estimated at £60,000,000. This came mainly from the donations of the rich, in exchange for which the Jesuits stoutly defended their interests. That is why we have the saying in Spanish that *Money is a very great Catholic.*

Mr. Lunn further writes: "Tolerance is a virtue for which Spaniards, be they Catholics or Atheists have no high regard." I submit to him that the 1931 Republic was killed from an excess of tolerance on its part. I further submit the fact that, throughout the 1936 Civil War, the Republic tolerated Catholics in its midst, and a Catholic, Cr. Irujo, held office in the Ministry that was defending the country from Franco's rebellion.

But, if Mr. Lunn is on lunching terms with the Spanish Foreign Minister and the Bishop of Madrid (note the symbolic symbiosis) it would naturally be difficult for him to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw. He will have to wait for a change of wind.

SPANISH LIBERAL

TIGER BAY

SIR,—In connection with a rehousing scheme I have carried out an investigation of living conditions in the docks area of Cardiff. This is the region treated in Dr. Little's book *Negroes in Britain* which was reviewed under the caption "Tiger Bay" in your issue of February 21. Dr. Little gives a very

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vivid picture of the life and problems of its coloured population; for his statistical information, however, he had to rely on rough estimates guided by qualitative observations. I have visited a random sample of ten per cent. of the houses in the district, and believe that I can offer more reliable statistics concerning the racial composition, living conditions, and size of the population. My figures are subject to sampling errors, but whenever it has been possible to check them against municipal statistics, the differences have been small. Thus I found the total number of residents to be about 6,000; and comparison with numbers obtained from the voters' list, birth and death rates, school list, and aliens' register shows that the error is not more than 300. Dr. Little's 10,000 appears to be a serious overestimate. Similarly, his guess at the size of the Negro community is far too large. In that part of the district in which the Negro population is most concentrated (Loudoun Square) he believes that eight out of ten residents are Negro; my survey indicates that seven out of ten are white. In the rest of the district I find the proportion of non-whites to be one in ten, while Dr. Little suggests one in three. There are no municipal statistics against which to check my figures concerning the racial composition, but officials and other men whose work has given them an intimate knowledge of the district support my findings.

There are various other statistical inaccuracies with which, for lack of space, I shall deal summarily. Most of the houses now contain more than one family, although they were not originally designed for it. There is as a rule not more than one W.C. to a house, and this is, in eight cases out of ten, outside. Less than one fifth of the houses have a bath, and there are no water taps inside in nearly a quarter of them. The extent of sub-letting is much larger than suggested by Dr. Little; although about a third of the smaller houses (weekly rent not exceeding 13s.) are occupied by more than one family, 70 per cent of the houses costing 13s. to 23s. are sub-let, and practically all houses with a rent exceeding 23s. The average number of lodgers per house is about three. While rents compare unfavourably with those of other working class districts they are by no means as high as suggested by Dr. Little. Nearly half of the rents paid in the Loudoun Square district (including rates) are in the range 8s. to 18s., and only the large houses around Loudoun Square itself bring the average up to 17s. 2d.

I do not wish this to be taken as a reflection on Dr. Little's otherwise valuable book, but I feel that its inaccurate statistical basis needs correction.

HARRIETT WILSON

Glamorgan.

[Dr. Little writes: "Whilst sincerely appreciating Mrs. Wilson's reference to my book, I should feel happier if, before setting out to correct its "inaccurate statistical basis," she had been a little more accurate about what I have actually written. The reader must judge for himself as to how far my observations are "qualitative," but I really must deny making any "guess" at the size of the "Negro community" or believing eight out of ten residents to be "Negro." The passage on which, I take it, Mrs. Wilson bases her statement concerns the distribution of the coloured folk, as a sociological conception, in various parts of the community area, and as I make no mention there whatever of "Negro," I can only assume that Mrs. Wilson has mis-read "coloured" for "Negro." "Coloured" itself is defined inclusively at the beginning of the paragraph in question and repeatedly elsewhere in terms of the various Arab, Somali, Malay, etc., etc. as well as West African and West Indian (Negro) elements which, as my figures in a later and more relevant section suggest, probably comprise less than half of the coloured population as a whole. If, as must presumably be inferred from Mrs. Wilson's statement, she is thinking only of "Negro," and apparently classifies all the other non-European inhabitants of the area about which I write, as "white," there is nothing surprising in her ratio, even six years after my study.

Space prevents my dealing in similar detail with other points raised. On the demographic item mentioned, I had the assistance of Cardiff officials, and so it is possible that the large discrepancy arises out of a further difference in definition. With regard to other points, such as sub-letting, I had to rely largely, as I indicate, on pre-war records for tentative estimations since, for methodological reasons fully explained in the text, I deliberately avoided the usual house to house method of inquiry. I am glad to note that Mrs. Wilson's figures support various matters I have stressed, such as "fragmentation" of single dwelling houses, lack of bathing facilities, etc., and am even happier to know that official notice is being taken of these long-felt needs of the community."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SWISS HOLIDAYS

SIR,—Mr. Benson's letter is of interest to all who prefer to wander as the spirit moves, rather than have everything arranged in advance. His case is, however, not so hopeless as he makes out. There is a further "dividend" of 40 per cent. of the total monthly quota allotted a fortnight before the beginning of each month. He can apply to the Swiss Authorisation Office again, and his chance will be the better if he is able to avoid the "peak" weeks.

A better idea would seem to be to get one of the many travel agents who take an interest in the independent traveller to make a provisional reservation for him on the strength of the 40 per cent. to come. The agent, having his rent to pay, may want to sell him his ticket at the same time, but as the railway companies themselves can sell them no cheaper the traveller will not be the loser.

Sir Stafford Cripps (vide *Hansard*) has told us that in the first month ending May 5 about 85,000 applications were made, of which 5,700 were rejected because the quota for the month requested was full. There is £3,800,000 available for travel to Switzerland. The experience of the W.T.A. this year is that the average call per holiday on the Swiss fund is £23 10s. including personal spending money and all charges except fares to destination. If this is general there should be room for over 160,000 visitors to Switzerland this summer. Even allowing for applications made since May 5 there should be another chance for the provisionally rejected, especially if they can choose their dates, and a very good one if they join the ranks of the "provisionally accepted" on the agent's list.

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SCARBOROUGH

SIR,—Writing last week of the elections to the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party, Mr. Woodrow Wyatt implied that the defeat of Mrs. Braddock showed the constituency parties were not moving Leftwards. He had evidently forgotten, for the moment, that the women members of the Executive are elected on a combined trade union and constituency party vote. The elections therefore reveal very little of the views held by local parties.

The correction would hardly be worth making if many women did not feel we need to look at the whole matter of these elections again. We look forward to the day when it will not be necessary to have women members separately elected at all. Pending that time—and I for one do not think it has yet arrived—some arrangement should be made whereby the trade unions and the local parties elect women separately. There are many people who are well known among the trade unions, but scarcely at all among the parties; they have no difficulty in reaching the Executive. There are others (don't label them "intellectuals") who cannot count upon the big battalions without making special efforts to woo them. If our local parties can elect men separately (and no woman is ever elected in Division III) why should they be denied the right to elect women in the Women's division? Their votes now are lost; and the result is injustice both to them and to women.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

So many branches of science have passed beyond the use of language into a mathematical symbolism decipherable only by the expert that the common reader, compelled to derive his notions from those dwindling parts of knowledge that are still expressible in words, is no longer in the centre of the picture. Hence the popularity among the literary of the various forms of psycho-analysis. It brings with it at least a little of the prestige of science, yet it expresses itself in a symbolism that is reassuringly familiar to those whose education has been mainly concerned with obsolete mythologies. A great deal of this mental furniture is provided by Freud: and since he has probably made more difference to the way we feel about ourselves than any man since Rousseau, it is just that his name should stand out above those of his colleagues and disciples. Yet to traditional culture the work of Jung is both richer and more congenial. It is also far more obscure. One cannot read five pages of Jung without finding some pregnant and arresting idea; but it is not always easy to be sure on what level the idea is supposed to exist. Hence perhaps a tendency to underrate Jung's influence and to attribute all notions derived from modern psycho-therapy vaguely to Freud. Yet we owe the introvert-extravert distinction and the concept of the collective unconscious to Jung; and the first has had a profound effect on our daily judgment of character, the second given a new sanction to our curiosity about the accumulated stock of human belief and legend.

The concept of the collective unconscious provides a good sample of Jung's particular kind of obscurity. What is its status? Is it a myth, a working hypothesis, or a historical fact? Jung works so entirely within the psychological field of reference that you cannot tell, and he does not seem to care. It may well be a myth, for Jung is a great mythologist; his work is even more thickly populated than Freud's with beings that look sometimes like monsters and sometimes like metaphors—the anima, the shadow, imagos and archetypes, "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimaeras dire." To-day, in our non-poetic moods, we commonly divide mental events into those which come from outside and are therefore real, and those which come from inside and are therefore hallucinations: but to Jung all events in the human psyche are equally real. The rigid scientific positivism of Freud is occupied with explaining psychic events in terms of happenings in the outside world: Jung is concerned with the psychic events themselves. Thus for Jung moral and religious experiences are not occurrences to be explained away in other terms. They are facts of the psychic life, like others. Moral judgments do not have to be smuggled into his psychology, heavily disguised as something else. Jung can call a traitor a traitor or evil evil, as the great mass of mankind normally understand the words: and those who are expecting a neat reduction of these terms to something about ambivalence or the Oedipus situation will naturally be disappointed. There are also those who will feel all the more confidence in Jung because his own profound and individual observations are not so much contradictions of what everybody knows as enlargements of it. In his more general writings he can still use the ordinary categories of liberal protestant Christianity. He knows that they are inadequate, but they are real; some of his readers live by them, most will understand them, and they are useful points of reference. But to Jung all the gods are real. They are not only links, as the anthropologist might do, Dionysus, Wotan and the Spectre Huntsman: he believes in that composite being, for he has seen him alive and active in his patients and in the process of contemporary history. "He is a god of storm and frenzy, he releases passions and the lust of war, moreover he is a paramount magician and a conjurer who is versed in every occult secret."

Jung's latest book* is avowedly the excursion of a psychologist into world affairs; and it is concerned mainly, as the public thoughts of a Swiss in recent years could hardly help being, with the problem of Germany. From the reek of stale anxiety that fills our present Heartbreak House it is not likely that anything new will emerge on this topic. History has repeated itself once, and our minds have room for little else but fear that the same vile cycle of crime, horror, revenge and shame is starting over again. Jung's function is to enlarge the common notions: for instance, the question of collective guilt, which has been nagging at us from the days of "We are not at war with the German people" to the Nuremberg trials. It is true, he says, that collective guilt is a state of primitive magical uncleanness, but it is also a present reality. "It is simply a psychic phenomenon, and therefore, when one asserts the collective guilt of the German people, one is not passing sentence, but merely stating an existing fact." The crime, however, with its resultant state of guilt, does not recognise any arbitrary bound: the spectators also become participators. "People seem to move with it, to feel themselves into it, they try to grasp it and explain it. Something has been set alight in them, and this something is part of the great fire of evil which has flared up in the crime. . . . The murder has been partly suffered by everyone, and everyone has also partly committed it."

This leads to the further question of where the mass frightfulness of the last decade has come from. "Look at the devilish means of destruction! They are invented by perfectly harmless gentlemen, reasonable respectable citizens, being all we hope to be. And when the whole thing blows up and causes an incredible inferno of devastation, nobody seems to be responsible." Jung can offer at least an intelligible explanation. In his psychology it is quite possible that qualities which hardly appear in the daily lives or personal relations of individuals should suddenly appear as a collective madness in their actions as a group. The analytic process common to several schools reveals the content of the personal unconscious—takes us back to childhood conflicts, the family situation and the like. It is Jung alone who finds at a certain point in the process that images of a different character begin to emerge.

> As early as 1918, I noticed peculiar disturbances in the unconscious of my German patients which could not be ascribed to their personal psychology. Such non-personal phenomena always manifest themselves in dreams as mythological motives which are also to be found in legends and fairy tales throughout the world. I have called these mythological motives the archetypes: that is, typical *modi* in which these collective phenomena are experienced. There was a disturbance of the collective unconscious in every single German case . . . . The archetypes I had observed expressed primitivity, violence and cruelty.

We are to look for the cause of these impulses from below in the fact that every excessive conscious move is matched by a compensatory development in the unconscious. The huge populations of modern industrial society have become estranged from all natural conditions, become aware that their lives depend not on their own actions or wills, but on a megalopolitan order in which the individual is powerless. The compensation for this is in anarchic fantasies, lusts for power—the common compensations of the have-nots, but at a deeper level than the personal—for in this civilisation we are all have-nots, we have all lost our individual souls. If we ask why the outbreak occurred in Germany rather than elsewhere—well, why under the same strain does one man go mad, another merely neurotic, and another retain possession of himself?

> The system of moral and political education prevailing in Germany had already done its utmost to permeate everybody with a spirit of dull obedience, and with the conviction that every desirable thing must come from above, from those who by divine decree sat on top of the law-abiding citizen, whose individual feeling of responsibility had been overruled by a peculiar sense of duty. No wonder, therefore, that it was precisely Germany which fell a prey to mass psychology, though it is by no means the only nation threatened by this dangerous germ.

If the great democracies, using the word in the Western sense, are predominantly peaceful, it is because their people have the liberty to fight among themselves.

> In Switzerland we have built up a so-called "perfect democracy" in which our war-like instincts spend themselves in the form of domestic quarrels called "political life." We fight each other within the limits of law and constitution, and we are inclined to think of democracy as a chronic state of mitigated civil war . . . . How can you run a civil war properly when you are attacked from without?

The one-party state is necessarily aggressive externally: it is the compensation for the enforced uniformity of its internal political life. The extension of the principle is obvious. Any excessive surface order is compensated by anarchy below. Without any transatlantic *mystique* about the free-enterprise system one may well see that there is a moral here for planners. That frustrations of the individual will are inevitable or part of a desirable social programme will not prevent them bringing their revenge. There is no inherent magic in social democracy that will save it from running into these deep waters. A socialist planner must think in terms of large numbers and centralisation: but Jung remarks: "The dangerous incline leading down to mass psychology begins with this plausible thinking in big numbers and powerful organisations, where the individual dwindles away to mere nothingness." All of which, of course, we have heard before: but it needs a psychologist of the calibre of Jung to take the controversy off the soap-box level, to lead us at least to consider whether the spurts of anarchic resentment already appearing on the English scene may be not merely the fruits of engineered political reaction or world shortages, but may have a deeper and more dangerous source.

Unlike the Adlerians, Jung insists that social adaptation is never a sufficient ideal. The only ultimate solution is to go further than political democracy, not only to keep our conflicts at home, but for each individual to introvert his own, to start a conscious conflict with himself. The social problems therefore are all ultimately individual ones. To come to terms with one's own psychic forces is the central problem of the individual life. And since the gods are the personifications of psychic forces, the central problem for Jung is the religious one. But the psychic forces have little to do with the conscious mind: so religion in this sense looks a foreign and barbarous affair to those who are accustomed to regard it as a matter of rational metaphysics and moral discipline. Jung has lost the hope that any existing religion can provide an external form for the psychic life of modern man: for him, moral balance and an adequate philosophy of life are not the result of speculation or conscious ethical control. They are the result of something more like Eastern yoga: a recurrent infiltration of the unconscious into the conscious mind, by which a new orientation of the total personality is obtained: the life-focus is no longer in the centre of the conscious ego, but in the centre of the new total personality. The conception is revolutionary to the West, and most people would still probably dismiss it as a propaganda for irrationalism. It is nothing of the kind. It is no more rational to ignore the existence of irrational psychic forces in conflict with the conscious will than it is to ignore the existence of approaching traffic when one wants to cross the road. Jung's language, his lavish use of symbolism, his interest in yoga and alchemy sometimes cause him to be written off by the bewildered reader as yet another amateur of the occult. In fact he is a sober realist. He writes of nothing that he has not seen. However unfamiliar their names or outmoded their disguises, the powers he describes have all been observed by him, living and active in the world of to-day.

GRAHAM HOUGH

**Essays on Contemporary Events.* By C. G. JUNG. *Kegan Paul.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CROMWELL

The Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. Ed. W. C. Abbott. *Harvard. Geoffrey Cumberlege.* Vol. iv (1655-1658). 42*s.*

When Oliver Cromwell emerged as a public figure he was already middle-aged, and but for the chance of an unwanted and accidental war he would probably have remained unknown except to the local antiquaries of Huntingdonshire. It was chance and circumstance that suddenly converted this middle-aged, socially conservative, politically illiterate, deeply religious country squire into a phenomenon unknown to English politics either before or since—a regicide military dictator sustained by social revolution and wielding first revolutionary and ideological, then naked power; and for three hundred years the historians of the world have differed furiously about him.

It is impossible to separate Cromwell from the army which he created. It made him first a politician, then a dictator; and when it deserted, his dynasty collapsed. In all the shifts of his rule it was the one political force upon which he consistently relied, and to which he was even forced angrily to yield. He beat the Royalists in war, subverted Crown, Church and all their trappings, and destroyed, one by one, his own allies in the struggle. Presbyterians and Republicans, Levellers and fanatics, in turn he used and crushed them with his army. But with that instrument he could never break. In his last and most difficult years, when he sought wearily to retire from permanent revolution to the repose of traditional monarchy, it was the army which forbade the experiment. Cromwell might summon his military grandees and rant at them as the cause of all his errors and infelicities, who "had made him their drudge upon all occasions"; but those hard, confident satraps knew well that he could not deny the basis of his existence, and Cromwell died a military dictator, not a king.

And yet, if Cromwell's power was caused and conditioned by his army, nevertheless, since that army was a revolutionary army, his power was not merely military but revolutionary. Now a revolution is by definition not only a violent change but, if it is to have any substance, a violent social change. What new social claims were mobilised and expressed in Cromwell's army, and what was Cromwell's relation to these claims? Was he the prophet who voiced them, or the adventurer who exploited them, or the agent who executed them? Was he a deliberate or an accidental, a conscious or an unconscious revolutionary? If we can solve or even isolate these two questions, we shall have done something to decide the case between his dissonant interpreters; between his contemporaries who detested him as a profound and ambitious schemer and their grandsons who despised him as a ridiculous fanatic, between Carlyle worshipping him as an inspired hero and the Victorians honouring him as a progressive noncomformist democrat, between the Nazis (and Professor Ernest Barker) praising him as an English Hitler and the Marxists denouncing him as the creature of monopoly-capitalism, and the Irish who, alone and surprisingly consistent, have for three hundred years confidently declared him the Devil.

Cromwell's army, which converted the political rebellion of 1640 into the social revolution of 1647, was significant because it armed and mobilised a class hitherto excluded from English politics—that class of smallholders and depressed local artisans which had hitherto been able to assert its existence and its ever more urgent claims only by sporadic local rising. Since this class was weak except when mobilised, it feared demobilisation. Since in peacetime it was scattered in small local groups, it sought security through toleration and local control of law and government. Being weak, it could not afford to be liberal; being afraid, it was often hysterical; by constitution it was necessarily democratic. The seventeenth century did not confuse democracy with liberalism; if the twentieth thought as clearly there would be a good deal less nonsense on this and other subjects. Such a class, so suddenly brought within reach of government, was necessarily inarticulate, and many rival groups sought to capture its support by different formulations of its needs; but in all these programmes—whether of the political Levellers or the mystical Diggers or the lunatic Fifth Monarchy Men—certain demands are constant: the demands for reform of the land-law and the law of debt, the decentralisation of government, the abolition of tithe, and the guarantee of security for a vulnerable minority, whether by the grant of toleration or the seizure of dictatorial power. Such, I believe, were the constitution and claims of Cromwell's army before the fact of power specialised its elements and enriched it with temporary adherents. How did he stand in relation to its claims?

A great revolution is so complex in its nature and repercussions, and sets its leader or mouthpiece before such vast and spectacular opportunities, that observers are easily bewildered into supposing him a giant, of genius equal to his fortune. Evidence seldom supports this view; and looking through the late Professor Abbott's four great volumes of *Cromwell's Writings and Speeches*—a monument of American scholarship, now complete—we find, as we should expect, fewer signs of Cromwell's genius than of his limitations. Indeed, why should we expect a man who had never uttered a political sentiment till he was forty-five to have discovered any important political truths thereafter? Cromwell was a successful general, devout and sentimental; and in a crisis he came to represent, without sharing them, the claims of his radical army. There is not the slightest evidence that he ever had any political programme, or even ideas, and when he used the language of his followers, it was with a different meaning of his own; but he was attached to his soldiers with a sentimental attachment, whose cloudy expression concealed their divergent aims. Like a returning Roman general, he needed to settle his veterans even at the cost of revolution. So at every crisis which uncomprehended events thrust upon him, after infinite groping and hesitation, having cleared his mind by prayer in default of thought, he would suddenly act, and with each action some part of the ancient fabric would be rashly and unscientifically destroyed, and Oliver Cromwell, appealing to necessity or one of his few stock catchwords to excuse the poverty of his ideas, would stumble and zigzag on, through ramshackle expedients and a crazy foreign policy, aimlessly and in the end wearily, towards naked power, protesting all the time that he was merely a village constable, and dying at last just ahead of inevitable financial bankruptcy. Personally tolerant, with his genuine humility and muddled eloquence, Oliver Cromwell is probably (except to the Irish) the most sympathetic of the great dictators; but perhaps his greatest achievement was not those few and small constructive actions which merely season the bad memory of every dictator, but the only act which can really sweeten it—a well-timed death.

H. R. Trevor-Roper

NEW NOVELS

From the City, From the Plough. By Alexander Baron. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

French Village. By Jean-Louis Bory. Trans. by D. P. and P. J. Waley. *Dobson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Growing Up. By Olivia Manning. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Never Again. By Francis King. *Home & Van Thal,* 9*s.* 6*d.*

It would be interesting to know what proportion of new novels concern themselves with either childhood or war. No doubt the proportion would be high. Of the four novels under review two are boldly and bravely the kind of war book that (we are told) the booksellers have become rather shy of handling; a third tells the story of a year in the life of a young and imaginative boy, and Miss Manning's volume of stories is at its best when she writes of unhappy childhood in the remoter parts of Ireland. But what else can we expect? If, for the moment, we think of childhood as the period when reality breaks in upon illusion, when innocence dulls beneath the breath of experience, and if by war we mean the special emotional climate of the last ten years, it will be seen that for the young writer, at least, there is not much else to write about. This, surely, is the limiting factor in the novel to-day, a factor that is all the more crippling because neither suffering innocence nor the clash of arms would seem to supply themes to arouse the greatest enthusiasm in the book-buying public.

But one can never be sure. I have a feeling, for example, that Alexander Baron's *From the City, From the Plough* is going to be a success with everyone, readers and reviewers alike. Knowing that it is an account of an infantry battalion getting ready for and taking part in the invasion of Europe, I began the book doubtfully. But I read on with pleasure and even enthusiasm. The fact is, of course, that if a writer is good enough he can tackle any theme and get away with it. There is no doubt at all that Mr. Baron is a good writer. His book is robust and honest without being sensational, warm-hearted without being sentimental, stimulating without being slick. Anyone who has served in the British Army will know that it is the truth; not the whole truth, perhaps, but quite enough to be getting along with.

But from a novel we are entitled to ask something more than authenticity. This "something more" Mr. Baron provides. Like J. Maclaren-Ross (when he wrote *The Stuff to Give the Troops*) he has a sharp ear for soldier-talk; he is, moreover, a good story-teller and, what is particularly important in a book of this kind, he has the ability to handle a great number of characters without embarrassment to himself or to his readers. Of necessity they are sharply individualised, but never to the degree where one feels that one is reading about types rather than human beings. If one had to put a finger on a single reason why this novel is so refreshing it would be this: Mr. Baron likes people. He is resolutely determined to take a good view of human nature. He believes that, when it comes to the pinch, there is nobility in even the most unlikely of us. In this way a complaining, feeble-spirited yokel decides to return to his unit when he might well have gone down to the casualty clearing station; and Scannock the Scouse, a brute from the Liverpool slums, turns out to be something of a hero.

This is not mere flattery. Mr. Baron does not falsify for the sake of a pleasant effect. His faith, one feels, springs from fullness of experience rather than from any lack of it and only rarely—as in the slightly fulsome treatment of the Commanding Officer—do we question his authority.

By a coincidence, Jean-Louis Bory's *French Village* covers the same period of time as Mr. Baron's novel. But whereas Mr. Baron showed us the ordinary mortal being tested and (on the whole) not found wanting, M. Bory owes much of the force of his novel to its analysis of human weakness. It would be wrong to give the impression that it is an angry book. It does, however, show a great deal of strong feeling against—not not the occupying Germans—but against the collaborating, the informing, the graft, corruption and cowardice of some of the French themselves. There are, of course, the good patriots, the incorruptibles, men like Tattignies, the schoolmaster who believes in "Humanity with a capital H," Juine of the Maquis, and even Germaine, the promiscuous and warm-hearted proprietress of the *Café de la Paix*. The wonder is that M. Bory has been able to write such a balanced book on events which were so close to him, on issues which were so burning. It would be interesting to find out just how this effect of detachment has been obtained. It is not, I feel sure, due to any special understanding of human nature for we have met most of his characters before. It is due, partly, to a considerable expertness in the handling of incident, what must (in the original French) have been a beautiful sense

words, and an insistence on writing not a piece of journalism but a work of art. But more important than any literary dexterity is Mr. Bory's gentle emphasis on the village as a village, on the lime trees in the market place, the huddle of houses, the church, the Château and the river. Jumainville is the most important character in this book and this gives the narrative what well it might have lacked—poise. The translation seems very well done.

Miss Olivia Manning's beautifully written volume of short stories illustrates some of the present difficulties of the imaginative writer. The book is divided into four parts: Children, Growing Up, At Home, and Abroad. There must be some explanation why the stories in the first group are so much more memorable than the others. Childhood, for Miss Manning, is a period in which her imagination can work freely.

A story called *The Children* is satisfying because of the way she has allowed her feelings to be stirred by the pathos of the situation, that of two children living with an egocentric mother who has lost the affection of her husband. But later on, when Miss Manning takes us to London and more especially when she takes us abroad, we sense that she is, emotionally, much more on her guard. Even *Growing Up* itself, the longest story in the book, a very understanding portrayal of a curious human relationship, would have been better for less discipline. One can almost hear Miss Manning saying, "I'll keep my imagination in cold storage until times get better. Then you'll see something!" Then, indeed, we shall, for the coldness in these later stories comes not from any lack of feeling but from an excess.

What a writer remembers of his childhood is such a precious commodity that when one finds Mr. Francis King expending it so lavishly in *Never Again* one is alarmed. He knows best, of course, what else he has in store, but a careful reading of this, his second novel, does suggest that he could have made better use of his material had he waited a little while. Hugh is orphaned, at the age of nine, in India. He comes to England where he is unhappy with relatives and the book closes in Switzerland where he manages most touchingly to learn a kind of stoicism. Much of the book (especially the Indian scene) is beautifully written. But the general effect is cheapened by Mr. King's insistence that the grown-ups in his story are so very selfish. How good a book it could have been had Mr. King been a little more charitable. P. H. NEWBY

INDIAN POEMS

The Strange Adventure: An Anthology of Poems in English by Indians. Chosen by FREDOON KABRAJI. *New Indian Publishing Co.* 5s.

"Poems in English by Indians"—the title raises an intriguing question. Can a *lingua franca* be used by foreigners for creative literature worthy of the name? The record in Greek and Latin, from Lucian and Martial to Erasmus and Thomas à Kempis, points to an affirmative answer. Indians would feel surprise that we should ask the question at all. For centuries they have been writing in Persian and Urdu, of which the former was always and the latter often a foreign tongue. What they wrote for choice in these languages, but especially in Persian, was poetry, and even lyrical poetry. Given this tradition, Indians who took to writing their poems in English were not consciously attempting an unusual or audacious feat. The fact doubtless was and still is that many of them think habitually in English and are more at home in it than in their mother-tongue. I have known Indians who wrote English brilliantly, but could not read any Indian script. If they are at a disadvantage as compared with native Englishmen in writing poetry, is it because the language they use is not the vehicle in which, as children and in youth, they expressed their fundamental emotions? It was not the language in which they said their prayers at their mother's knee nor the language in which they made love.

This anthology is interesting first of all because it is a record of the reaction of Indian minds to English culture. As one might expect, a high proportion of these poems are imitative. They reflect, from 1828 to 1946, the literary fashion of each succeeding generation in England. They start with a vocabulary and a prosody that recall Campbell or Hood in their round and accomplished stanzas, and they end with verses as unintelligible and as difficult to scan as anything that came out of Bloomsbury in the late twenties of this century. Neat and flawless though the earlier poems are, they lack originality and one searches in vain in them for an Oriental turn of thought or feeling. Several of these poets, like the brilliant Dutt family, were Christians, and were sometimes capable of such a couplet as this, from a poem on Benares:

> Avert thine eyes, although it seems so fair,
> The town is cursed, Jehovah's wrath is there.

One of these anglicised Indians, Manmohan Ghosh, whose work was warmly admired by Laurence Binyon and Oscar Wilde, had fallen in love with England and wrote lyrics about its trees and even about London, which have charm and spontaneity, though they contain an occasional phrase which is not perfectly idiomatic. Here and there in this collection is a lyric so universal in its appeal, that one does not care whether its author was an Indian or an Englishman—as, for example, "Chechee," by G. K. Chettur.

To this same category of the universal belongs Mr. Kabraji's pleasant and skilful poem, "A Pianoforte Recital."

But there is in this selection a precious minority of poems which are in feeling and expression authentically Indian. One of these genuinely native poets, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, is already well known to English readers. Three of her graceful and musical lyrics are in this book. Her brother, Harindranath Chattophadyaya, is less well known, yet his work captures us at once by its strength and originality.

Again in some of these poems there is a mysticism which could only be Indian. The best of these are Joseph Furtado's "Wild Flower," and the group of poems by the Sikh, Puran Singh. Only an Indian could have written Dhan Gopal Mukherji's cry to Siva. There is a sweep of emotion and an eloquence that are not English in Buddhadeva Bose's, "Do you remember an inn, Miranda?" and again in Mary Erulkar's "Leavetaking."

For my part I should have wished for more of these poems and fewer of the echoes. I missed Baldoon Dhingra among the contemporary poets. But as it stands, this anthology, the only one there is, is well worth having. The reader should not be deterred by the unattractive form which the publisher has given it. H. N. BRAILSFORD

ROMANTIC BALLERINA

Carlotta Grisi. BY SERGE LIFAR. Translated by Doris Langley Moore. *John Lehmann.* 21s.

Carlotta Grisi, whose status as one of the great trinity of leading ballerinas of the Romantic Era has never been in doubt, is at last the subject of a biographical study; lavish records of the careers of Taglioni and Elssler have existed for decades. Admirably translated and introduced by Miss Langley Moore, this monograph assembles material from several familiar sources, though the author has made little use of special information he claims to have acquired from descendants of Carlotta and her immediate circle.

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The portrait emerging from M. Lifar's study is of an essentially nice, hard-working dancer of great charm and vitality, who seems to have maintained consistently good relations with all those who made up her professional world. It is of her private life that so very little is known; she was dancing in Naples at the age of fourteen when Jules Perrot discovered her; eight years later, after he had launched her at the Paris Opera and composed *Giselle* for her, she threw him over. Yet throughout the greater part of her dancing career she remained in friendly association with him. He composed ballets for her and partnered her all over Europe, and got her her first engagement at Saint Petersburg ten years after he had brought her to her great triumph in Paris.

Her formative years as a dancer and mime were passed under Perrot's guidance and protection; in all but legal title they were man and wife. Soon after her tremendous success in *Giselle* she broke off her relationship with Perrot, and from the little we know about both of them at this stage of their lives, this move remains unexplained. Théophile Gautier adored her from their first meeting and created the idea of the ballet *Giselle* for her, and it is from his writings that we get the clearest picture of her personality. But Gautier (who almost equally "adored" the other great ballerinas of the epoch) gives only a very one-sided picture of Carlotta. On a different level of understanding were her attachments to Perrot, Lucien Petipa and to Prince Radziwill, and until more is discovered of these three personalities we shall lack a detailed portrait of Carlotta Grisi.

Her daughter was born of her liaison with Radziwill, and though Carlotta was at the very height of her fame and but thirty-four years old, she made this event her reason for permanent retirement from the stage. Her last four years of dancing had been passed in Russia, under Perrot's direction chiefly; he remained there for a further five years, then returned to Paris. He was at that time perhaps the greatest living choreographer, but through various intrigues was kept out of the Paris Opera; shortly after he went into retirement and is heard of no more. Carlotta Grisi and Jules Perrot, the only two surviving great interpreters from the Romantic Era of ballet, both went into retirement at the height of their powers, and thus the Romantic Ballet moved even more rapidly into the final phase of its decline.

The real story of Carlotta Grisi will be the account of her development from a fourteen-year-old prodigy to a superb ballerina who, on her twenty-second birthday, conquered Paris with her Giselle; and that development took place under the constant tuition of her lover, master and friend Jules Perrot. He was a truly inventive choreographer and was the last of a great line of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century *danseurs nobles*; all available evidence suggests that he was an honourable and kindly man, and an outstanding personality. M. Lifar's work has presumably not been written during the past three years, as amongst source material quoted, there is no reference to the researches of Lilian Moore and George Chaffee (in America) during recent years; these studies throw a little welcome light on to a subject still too heavily shadowed.

A. V. COTON

TRADITIONS OF CIVILITY

Traditions of Civility. By SIR ERNEST BARKER. *Cambridge.* 21s.

This is not a study of good manners and etiquette. Nor does the title imply that Sir Ernest Barker subscribes to that most tiresome paradox which equates culture with the good manners of the mind. Civility is Ben Jonson's word for civilisation, and Traditions of Civility is a phrase taken from Patmore. It may, in passing, be doubted whether this archaism serves any purpose except a euphonious one. It is true that the word civilisation has got out of hand; it means too many things, but civility in its modern sense is a precise and necessary concept. To revive an abandoned meaning for it is only to confer on it the ambiguity which made Sir Ernest reject the word civilisation. In any case these essays are too diverse for any embracing title to be truly illuminating. Cromwell and the Island of Rhodes, Dante, Paley and the lawyers of eighteenth-century America—they have nothing in common except the interest which they have been fortunate enough to arouse in this most intelligent and sympathetic of investigators.

The first five essays are, indeed, loosely bound together by their common preoccupation with the legacy of Greece, and it may well be no accident that they are more lively and more memorable than the three longer essays which follow. Sir Ernest writes sympathetically of Cromwell and presents eloquently enough one aspect of that ambiguous figure. Yet it is doubtful whether he says anything which has not been adequately said before. The essay on Paley and his Political Philosophy seems a piece of rather superfluous research: it is for the Evidences that we shall continue to find Paley interesting and his Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy would not appear, from Sir Ernest's description, to effect any separation in that inseparable phrase. Paley's Evidences is as much a single concept as Roget's Thesaurus, and it would no doubt prove as difficult to interest ourselves in Roget's politics as it does in Paley's. As for "Natural Law and the American Revolution", this is a technical essay on a specialised subject. It is unlikely to stimulate an interest which was not there before.

But when Sir Ernest Barker deals, however indirectly, with the alluvial stream of classical culture, he writes with an excitement which is instantly communicated to his reader. Whether it be the particoloured history of Rhodes or mutations in the modern conception of Ulysses, his subjects set fire to his warm imagination and we are irresistibly illuminated by the conflagration. Yet Sir Ernest is no infatuated and indiscriminate philhellene; he deprecates the romantic *schwärmerei* for all things Greek which took so peculiar and teutonic a form in the "little renaissance" which followed Winckelmann. One could not wish for a wiser corrective than these measured words:

> It is the fact that the Greek heritage has been wrought into history, rather than the fact (which is perhaps also a fantasy) of its own superior excellence, which is the strength of its claim upon our allegiance. It is the process of its historical transmission, among the nations and through their generations, rather than the product itself, which matters. The wise votary of Greek studies will defend them rather for their historic significance than for their canonical authority in matters of truth and taste.

One might illustrate this by pointing out that the great Renaissance deliberately effected the deposition of Aristotle from the canonical authority which the schoolmen had conferred on him. And though it may be that Plato succeeded to something approaching Aristotle's position, he could not become a binding law on post-renaissance classicists. It is simply that too much was now known about Greece. At most Plato appears as a *primus inter pares* and he could be scornfully deposed even from this position, by, for example, Landor in favour of Diogenes, or Nietzsche in favour of Heraclitus. What the Renaissance surely did was to enable us to judge between Greeks as no mediæval man could possibly do. And any indiscriminate adulation of Greece must now involve a deliberate disregard of that diversity of Greek civilisation which the Renaissance rediscovered.

But Sir Ernest Barker would be the last man

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to deny that Greece could have had little "historic significance" unless it had also had "excellence," if not "superior excellence." If, as he writes, there is "a continuous road" from Zeno to the French Revolution, then the thought of Zeno must have a capacity for survival which proves its worth. And in his essay, perhaps the most illuminating in the book, on "The Connection of the Renaissance and the Reformation", Sir Ernest brilliantly shows the ingenuity of the Greek genius in surviving. It may have been a prime aim of the Renaissance scholars to liberate thought from the rigid authority of Aristotle and thus to attack clerical authority at its philosophical foundation. But the unruly passions of the Reformation, though no part of their scheme, were an outcome of their labours and even a new manifestation of the old Greek fermentation. The rediscovery of profane pre-Christian texts was quickly followed by the rediscovery of the Greek Fathers in their pure and awkward originals. We may not forget—those with a true appreciation of Greek diversity are not likely to do so—that the New Testament is itself an indirect outcome of Greek thought, and in returning to St. Paul the reformers returned to Greece as well as to Judæa.

Sir Ernest issues many warnings against a too apocalyptic view of the Renaissance, "the sense that about 1500, after the revelation of Greek to a dark and ignorant world, men 'opened their eyes and saw,' apprehended a beauty not felt before, and were emancipated from the past." It is true that we all have a taste for the simplicity of historical cataclysms, sharply dividing one period from another. Was it not against this tendency that de Tocqueville wrote one of the most acute historical treatises of modern times? But when Sir Ernest himself reminds us that Dante had never read Homer, and when we consider all the implications of this ignorance, it must seem that of all the sudden changes wrought in modern Europe this one was the greatest, and the hardest to exaggerate. And the fact, so ably demonstrated in this book, that the Reformation could not have happened unless the Renaissance had preceded it, persuades us that nothing of comparable importance had happened before in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire, and that nothing of comparable importance has happened since. Whether we are classical scholars or not, Greek thought and feeling have so entered into us that it is hard to conceive a civilisation without them. And yet, despite Aristotle, the Middle Ages *were* almost entirely without them. Greece worked in the men of the Middle Ages simply because Greece had existed; its "historic significance" operated then, whether it was recognised or not. But the importance of its full recognition deserves, perhaps, less deprecation than Sir Ernest imagines.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

GAOL

The Sentence of the Court. LEO PAGE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"P-R-I-S-O-N—prison—now go and see it," is Mr. Leo Page's advice to those who accept the heavy responsibility of sentencing offenders. Readers of this book—and it deserves many—may wish to argue with its author but none can gainsay his right to speak—Barrister, County Justice, Member of the Home Office Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders and of the Probation Committee, Chairman of Visiting Justices of two prisons, formerly Chairman of a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society Committee and a Remand Home Committee and Secretary of Commissions. To all this he has brought a good, tough, inquiring mind and a constant desire to do right by all manner of folk. To his book he brings clarity and vigour of thought and expression.

The triple burden of his theme is (1) that sentencing is an important and skilled job; (2) that it is now done by unskilled workers; (3) that judges (including J.P.s) could make themselves skilled sentencers by study and the experience to be gained, e.g., by visits to probation hostels, Approved Schools, Borstals and prisons.

Everyone will agree with the first proposition. Every sentence may have far-reaching effects on the offender, his family, friends and victims; it may influence public standards of conduct for good or ill. (Many people wish to end the death penalty not out of tenderness for murderers but for just this reason of public policy and morality.) Almost everyone will agree that the purpose of punishment is the protection of society, either by deterring, reforming or segregating the offender, though they may suspect that Mr. Page overestimates the deterrent power of punishment.

Any who disagree with the second proposition—that the Courts are unskilled sentencers—face a formidable argument, constituted by the series of histories of men whose sentences by various courts show misplaced leniency, misplaced severity and no rhyme or reason whatever. (Chapters V to VIII.) Such haphazard sentences help to turn casual offenders into derelicts, persistent or professional thieves, tricksters and burglars. Doubtless it is easy to be wiser after the event than the courts were in the midst of them. But surely many of these sentences should have been seen at the time to be preposterous, by the Judges, Recorders and J.P.s who passed them.

The third proposition, that the courts could acquire the necessary skill and knowledge to become efficient sentencers is worth careful study. Here again almost everyone will agree that judges and magistrates should take the trouble to become familiar with the penal tools they use and that lay justices should be incited (or even required) to equip themselves for their task.

There is however another alternative—the separation of the two functions of trying and sentencing. Mr. Page examines proposals for Treatment Tribunals whereby length of sentence would be determined (within a maximum fixed by the court) and reviewed periodically by a group of experts after study of the offender, his physical, mental and emotional development and his prospects of reform. He rejects them on the ground that the machinery is cumbrous and precludes the chance of appeal and he adds that the judges would not stand it.

Mr. Page is unconvincing on this point. We already have in Borstal, and are about to have in Corrective Training, maximum sentences pronounced by a court, with licensing by the Prison Commissioners. Certainly there are judges who complain of this "interference" with their sentences and it is important to retain judicial good will. The *Howard Journal*, quoted by Mr. Page as supporting the system, suggested also that the trial judge, who saw and heard the offender and the witnesses, should be a member of the Treatment Tribunal. He and the non-legal members would learn much from one another. A transfer of sentencing from judiciary to executive would be a threat to liberty, but through Treatment Tribunals there might be evolved a system giving the best of four worlds—law, medicine, education and social service.

Mr. Page would imprison the incorrigibles for life. It is still not quite certain how and when anyone can be quite certain that anyone else is "incorrigible." But one can agree wholeheartedly that so long as the best we can do fails to reform a dangerous offender, we must not quail before the imposition of long protective

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Space-saving Key: DB, DA, C = H.M.V.
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SYMPHONIES: Beethoven's First (N.S.O.—Rankl, K1239–42); Beethoven's Fifth (Hallé—Barbirolli, C3716–9); Brahms' First (Vienna Phil.—Furtwängler, DB6634–9); Schubert's Fourth ("Tragic") (N.S.O.—Rankl, K1252–5); Bizet (L.P.O.—Münch, K1781–4); Prokofieff's "Classical" (Berlin Phil.—Celibadache, C3729–30). Dr. Rankl's sets show this conscientious musician at his best. Of the two, the Beethoven is the better recorded, and the performance is in excellent style. But don't forget that Toscanini's set (H.M.V.), though by no means new, is one of the best recordings he ever made. Schubert's Fourth, though frowned on by some musicians for faults of composition, is extremely dramatic and contains a most beautiful slow movement. Readers are warned against the old H.M.V. set: the recording is very nasty. In Beethoven's Fifth Mr. Barbirolli avoids the known pitfalls and achieves a well-drilled, virile performance in which everything is heard. Tentatively I recommend this issue as the best available, since the Furtwängler recording now sounds markedly un-stereophonic. Despite all its advantages, of splendid instrumental playing and careful recording, Dr. Furtwängler's Brahms seems to me profoundly unacceptable. Apart from sentimentalising everything it touches, so unsteady a tempo prevents the forward growth of a symphonic movement and often sends it right to sleep. This conductor's indubitable qualities are seen to best advantage in the Finale, which is extremely fine; but on the whole I still prefer the Weingartner set. Bizet's verdant little symphony could scarcely be better played or recorded: it is brilliantly alive in every bar. Alas! that I must assert the exact opposite of the Prokofieff. A very slight work, its appeal never fails so long as it is made to crackle like a haystack afire—to bubble with impudent laughter—to wear its fancy dress with an air. M. Celibadache takes it far too seriously: the slowness of his tempi makes one gape; the whole thing droops and totters, in spite of an excellent recording. The Boston Symphony issue, old though it is, is still recommended as the best, because far the most dashing.

CONCERTOS: Brahms: Violin Concerto (Neveu—Philharmonia—Dobrowen, DB6415–9); Elizalde: Violin Concerto (Christian Ferras—L.S.O.—Poulet, K1777–9); Mozart: Piano Concerto in A (K488) (Curzon—N.S.O.—Boyd Neel, K1394–6); Liszt: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Malzucynski—Philharmonia—Süsskind, LX1071–3); Pergolesi: Oboe Concerto (Evelyn Rothwell—Hallé—Barbirolli, C3731). Ginette Neveu's performance in the Brahms is already famous for its warmth and its splendid attack; nevertheless, the recording is a failure. The soloist's tone comes to us all sour and "off-centre". The orchestral part is sometimes merely noisy and the balance none too good. Elizalde is a Spanish pupil of de Falla. His concerto is a virtuoso piece of considerable charm and vivacity. Spanish folk tunes are employed, but the architecture and the harmony remind one (and why not?) of Lalo. The soloist is a boy of fourteen who, besides a full and steady intonation, possesses all the prodigious assurance and agility conferred by a wrist of steel. Apart from a few sequences of eldritch tone, this pretty, fluent work is admirably recorded. Without being ideally neat, the new set of Mozart in A (K488) is a distinct improvement on Denis Matthews', where the solo playing is too tentative and Chopinesque to interpret the music at all confidently. Clifford Curzon shows a much more commanding grasp of the whole, and his playing of the Siciliana is exquisite. The recording of the piano is good, that of the orchestra rather harsh in the tutti. Liszt's Second Concerto has been better played than here, but never anything like so well recorded. The Sauer set (deleted) has great historical interest; Petri's (still available) is remarkable for its thrilling combination of controlled abandon and poetic refinement. There is no doubt about Malcuzynski's sheer pianistic ability; but he is a most unsubtle artist and there is a painful glare about this performance. On the other hand, I cannot over-emphasise the magnificent quality of the recording, which is as full-bodied as the richest burgundy. The Pergolesi Concerto is a shapely suite of very brief movements, handled with great taste and sweetness by the soloist, whose oboe is never swamped by the orchestra. Evidently a sentimentalist, Pergolesi charms and interests us by his rapid changes of mood, and the unerring expressiveness of his line.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL: Beethoven: *Leonora Overture No.* 3 (Philharmonia—Kletzki, LX1069–70); Debussy: *Jeux* (Augusteo—De Sabata, DB6493–4); Roussel: *Petite Suite* (Conservatoire—Münch, K1643–4); Delius: *On Hearing the First Cuckoo* (N.S.O.—Goehr, K1341). Apart from an irritating slip by the flute in the introductory adagio, the latest *Leonora No.* 3 is the most satisfactory, from every point of view. Toscanini's remains a grand affair, but it is vilely recorded. I recommend *Jeux* to amateurs of luxurious and expensive textiles, or to those who wish to recall the æsthetic flavour of 1913. As a ballet of tennis players, *Jeux* was a failure; but who could forget Bakst's mysterious decor—the long, plain façade, bone-white under the moon, and bibbed with spinach-green leafage? The material of the music is thin, but the score evokes scene and gesture with supreme art. A kaleidoscope of æolian sound, *Jeux* is recorded in a manner worthy of a great performance. The Roussel Suite is only "petite" in the sense of "short": it is not in the least trivial. Like Debussy, Roussel always writes beautifully, as well as wittily, and the *Pastorale* is a most appealing movement. On side 4 is an affectionate performance of Fauré's well-known *Pavane*. This issue is remarkable for beauty of detail. I suppose most of us prefer to hear the *First Cuckoo* released by Sir Thomas Beecham; but, although Walter Goehr's interpretation of this lovely piece is marred by over-phrasing and a sentimental rubato, it has real individuality and cannot be dismissed as merely wrong. The string tone is not nearly bland enough for this music, but the recording is otherwise good, and the cuckoo's entrance and exit are beautifully managed.

SOLO INSTRUMENTAL: Bach: *Chaconne No.* 4 *in D minor* for unaccompanied violin (Gioconda de Vito, DB6632–3); Liszt: *Au Bord d'une Source*, and Chopin: *Nocturne in F sharp*, op. 15, 2 (Horowitz, DB6627); Liszt: *Sonetto di Petrarca No.* 104 (Lipatti, LB68); Liszt: *Jeux d'Eau à la Villa d'Este* (Moura Lympany, C3721); Ireland: *Violin Sonata No.* 1 *in D minor* (Grinke-Ireland, K1400–3); Schumann: *Stücke im Volkston* (André Navarra—Gerald Moore, LX1065–6). Much as I admire Gioconda de Vito's superb tone and technique, I find her treatment of the *Chaconne* altogether too romantic for my taste. Tempo and dynamics are not kept absolutely steady within each variation, so that the intended sweep of the music is constantly broken. Like many solo voices to-day, the violin seems to be placed too near the mike. The Menuhin recording is recommended as still the best—the most classical. On the other hand, I have nothing but praise for Horowitz and Lipatti in their latest discs: here is strength and delicacy, restraint and eloquence, clarity, grace, brilliance—the acme of pianistic style. But whereas the Lipatti disc is very well recorded, Horowitz is less well served: his tone sounds rather cold and metallic—a fault which does some damage to the Chopin Nocturne, but not enough to spoil our enjoyment of the performance. It would be unfair to compare Miss Lympany with two of the greatest living pianists. Judged by a lower standard, her Liszt has distinct merits; it is well considered and agreeable in tone, and the recording is very faithful, despite

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the fact that so much of the piece takes place in the instrument's highest and most ungraceful register. Admirers of John Ireland will find nothing very characteristic in his early (1909) Violin Sonata. The work is of course not without passages of beauty and invention; but the material is not sufficiently original or interesting to bear so much expatiation. Performance and recording on a high level. The *Stücke im Volkston* are nobly played and admirably recorded; but the pieces themselves are dreadfully dull, in the sub-Mendelssohn style into which Schumann so often lapsed, at the end of his career.

OPERATIC: Smetana: "Endlich allein" (*The Bartered Bride*) (Hilde Konetzni—Vienna Philharmonic, LX1074); Rossini: "Una voce poco fa" (*Il Barbiere*) (Jennie Tourel—Metropolitan—Cimara, LX1075); Verdi: "Cortigiani, vil razza" (*Rigoletto*) (Marko Rothmüller—Orch.—Erede) and Puccini: "Vissi d'arte" (*Tosca*) (Franca Sacchi—Orch.—Erede, C3738); Mozart: "Martern aller Arten" (*Die Entführung*) (Erna Berger—Philharmonia—Krips, DB6616); Verdi: "Tu che le vanita" (*Don Carlos*) (Margherita Grandi—Orch.—Erede, DB6631); Rossini: "Largo al Factotum" (*Il Barbiere*) and Verdi: "Era la notte" (*Otello*) (Tito Gobbi—Orch.—Erede, DB6626); Massenet: "Il sogno" (*Manon*) and "Ah non mi ridestar" (*Werther*) (Tano Ferendinos—L.S.O.—Erede, DX1475). The eloquent, Lisztian aria from the last act of *The Bartered Bride* is extremely welcome. Mme Konetzni's delivery is perhaps on the slow side, but her tone is always beautiful and expressive. Orchestral playing and recording balance particularly successful. Miss Tourel sings as competently as usual; but she would seem to have little theatrical sense and her *Una voce* cannot hold a candle to Galli-Curci's, which is now the best available record. Erna Berger's performance of the great vocal concerto from *Die Entführung* is a triumph of effortless coloratura; every note is there, and although the recording is amply spacious, the whole musical texture has the sparkle and clarity of a diamond. Very highly recommended. Signora Grandi's voice cannot be described as steady, but in style and conception her singing of Elisabeth de Valois' wonderful scena is something more than adequate. The orchestral part, which has a Wagnerian importance, is very finely played. Franca Sacchi's rendering of *Vissi d'arte* is agreeable and strikingly not-vulgar. Marko Rothmüller as full of character as ever, and a model of warm, legato singing. Tito Gobbi's Figaro has a cheek and vitality worthy of Charlie Chaplin; but for one slovenly downward scale his singing is magnificent. About his *Era la notte* I have no reservations at all. An imposing record, this. Tano Ferendinos is a rising star (Greco-Welsh), of whom readers are strongly advised to take stock. In the *Dream* his portamento is exaggerated and the tone verges on crooning; but he has a voice of most beautiful quality, and in the *Werther* aria he gives promise of greatness.

CHORAL: Brahms: *Requiem* (Hotter, Schwarzkopf, Singverein der Musik Freunde—Vienna Philharmonic—Karayan, LX1055-64); *Madrigals* by Byrd, Dowland, Morley, Weelkes, Wilbye, etc. (Cambridge University Madrigal Society, C3739-44). The complete issue of the Brahms *Requiem* is a very dignified affair, likely to give great satisfaction to admirers of the work. The choral singing is extraordinarily pure and agreeable in tone, the recording mercifully free from confusion in the centre of the polyphony, the orchestral support discreet and beautifully conducted. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing of "Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit" is too light to be adequately moving. On the whole, though, a most distinguished set. The Viennese seem to manage their cultural exports less clumsily than we. I find it hard to believe that the British Council's latest sortie will recommend our most characteristic art in Portugal or the Argentine. Surely madrigals are essentially intended for an ensemble of soloists? The intimate, round-the-table atmosphere is ruined by employing a whole choir. This set is an almost dead loss, in spite of an excellent choice of madrigals, for the words are mostly inaudible, the soprano tone is featureless, the recording stringy and blurred. I must add, with regret, that six further discs are on the way, from the same source.

SONGS: Finzi: *Dies Natalis* (Joan Cross—Boyd Neel String Orch.—Boyd Neel, K1645-7); Vaughan Williams: *On Wenlock Edge* (Peter Pears—Britten—Zorian String Quartet. M585-7); Dvorak: "Where art thou father dear?" (*The Spectre's Bride*) (Isobel Baillie—Philharmonia—Sargent, DX1471); Grieg: *Eros* and *En Svane* (Flagstad—Philharmonia—Braithwaite, DA1879); Flies and Brahms: *Wiegenlieder* (Irmgard Seefried, LB69); Sicilian Folk Songs (Di Stefano—Orch.—Erede, DA1877) *Dies Natalis* is a most disarming work—truly felt, well written, succinct, and profoundly English in spirit. Joan Cross's solo is touchingly sensitive and the whole is very capably recorded. I cannot say as much for the new set of *On Wenlock Edge*. The performance may well have been a good one—in the studio; but the balance is extremely evil. Peter Pears's voice sounds consistently too near, to the detriment of the tone. The aria from Dvorak's once so popular cantata was worth reviving, and Miss Baillie makes a beautiful thing of it. But what a mistake to have used an orchestra to accompany Mme Flagstad in the Grieg songs! The result is heavy, vulgar, in the worst sense German. Recording clumsy and strained. The two last records on my list I can confidently recommend, the first for the utter charm of Mme Seefried's voice, the second for Di Stefano's authoritative singing of two delightful melodies.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

The British Fuel and Power Industries: A REPORT BY P.E.P. *Political and Economic Planning*. 30s.

Before the war P.E.P. published valuable separate reports on Coal, Electricity and Gas, and had embarked on the preparation of a report on the co-ordination of the fuel and power industries as a whole. This last was put aside for the time being, and the massive volume now issued is presumably meant as a substitute for it. In fact, however, this latest P.E.P. volume differs greatly from most of P.E.P.'s previous ventures. Since the separate reports on the fuel and power industries were compiled, the entire situation has, of course, been changed by the actual socialisation of coal and electricity and by the decision to socialise the gas industry as well. These decisions the present report takes for granted, and it hardly discusses at all the problems of economic organisation and public administration arising out of the changed relations of the fuel and power industries to the Government and to the public. Instead, it presents an enormous mass of useful facts about the actual development of the industries and of their relations since 1939, together with a great deal of technical discussion about the problems of production and distribution, largely from the engineering, chemical and other relevant technological standpoints. The result is a book which will be very valuable as a work of reference and a storehouse of information for the war and immediate post-war period, but such a work is inevitably very difficult to read, and it is a pity that the opportunity has not been taken to discuss more of the administrative problems arising out of the changing status of the industries concerned.

The Year Book of Education, 1948. *Evans*. 63s.

The compilers of this massive work, containing 591 pages of dense type, have achieved a remarkable feat, for which they deserve astonished gratitude. What they have done is to procure authoritative contributions from educationalists of twenty-nine countries, giving accounts both of their present methods in education and of the effects on these of war, invasion, and occupation (in some cases). These they have linked with editorial summaries and comments, drawing conclusions and pointing out trends. The different authors seem to have been encouraged

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to take wide scope, relating their educational surveys to the characters and social aims of their peoples; with the result that their accounts, far from being dull and excessively statistical, are in almost all cases human and entertaining. The satellite countries are all fully covered, and two contributions have been coaxed from the U.S.S.R., one on present principles, the ther on war-caused disruption and devastation. The first of these shows the original revolutionary urge towards daring experiment in education overborne gradually, and at last totally, by the more pressing need to establish, at all cost, some sort of universal compulsory system; the victory of the latter, in which Stalin took a personal hand, entailing more and more old-fashionedness—kindergarten children taught "to be organised in their work, to respect their elders, and to love their parents," aversion to psychiatric tests and practices, and jettisoning of co-education. The accounts of Pétain's heavy-footed tampering with the *Université*, and of spontaneous resistance to Quisling laws by the Norwegian teachers and clergy, are particularly interesting. English problems are fully discussed, in the light of the Hadow Report, the Fleming Report, and the 1944 Bill; and there is a pleasant sketch of the difficulties of the Universities in wartime, which recovers this story, "of a form filled in process of reclaiming a member of staff:

Question 1.—What is the *exact* nature of the man's employment?

Answer 1.—Professor of Oriental Languages.

Question 2.—Have you attempted to fill this vacancy through your Local Employment Exchange?"

Week-end Competitions

No. 954

Set by Stephen Bone

The usual prizes are offered for ten lines of rhymed verse introducing as many tags in foreign languages as possible. E.g.

To know the haut ton
Is a sine qua non

Entries by June 8th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 951

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A London schoolmaster this week circularised parents with adverse comments on his pupils' personal appearance. Competitors are invited to comment on the personal appearance of their teachers in ten lines of verse or 200 words of prose.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

This competition turned out to be rather more cruel than amusing, as I should have anticipated. The eye of the child is merciless and I had forgotten how appallingly witless fourth-form humour is, a mixture of bad puns and cries of Ya-Boo! The prose was less successful than the verse though Eileen Simmonds came near with a piece beginning: "Our new Maths master is a smasher. He's all right to you, not sarky at all. Maureen says that his hair is permed, not that she minds." An anonymous competitor ended neatly on a Maths mistress:

All men your erudition will respect
And Euclid your virginity protect.

Another neat ending from J. R. Till:

Let those with little minds object
To learning from a man thus decked—
In Socrates we came to see
Appearance *and* reality.

Walker Minor and D. R. Peddy were runners-up and I suggest a guinea each for the five following:

How unpleasant to meet with our Beak
Whose appearance (both ways) is unkind;
His torso is huge, like a freak,
Yet his head is as small as his mind,
(Which is far from refined).
He rejoices in tight-fitting clobber
But his hat and his boots are too big;
His mouth has a permanent slobber,
And his hair—well, they say it's a wig,
(Which does not go well on a pig).

D. R. BARCLAY.

Miss Lunn has a bun that's secured by one hairpin;
The shoes of Miss Floose are flat-heeled and 'good';
Miss Pole has a stole. Can it really be bearskin?
Miss Proot's Harris suit hardly fits as it should.
We suspect dear Miss Sprat's hat belonged to a Roundhead;
Miss Murt's orange skirt is hand-woven, of course;
Miss Glort's tight sports shorts give us pleasure unbounded;
Miss Twills favours frills, though she looks like a horse.
Miss Hook's tried the New Look and even a perm.
(She'll be leaving, they say, at the end of the term).

ELLEN EVANS.

Long and weedy, short and seedy:
Miscellaneous mingled masters.
Suits unravelling—worn by travelling,
Suits unchanged—the everlasters.
Cropped, or wild dishevelled locks;
Gaudy ties that clash with socks;
Skinny fingers always pointing;
Worn-out limbs with creaky jointing.
Cowardly creatures-carrying canes,
Cheerful only when it rains!

"ANTONIO."

Miss Prouty's skin is greasy and she scrubs it till it swells,
Miss Morrow's always creasy and Miss Atterbury smells,
Miss Murphy may teach art, but goes in purples, reds and blues,
Miss Mingo has a heart but wears elastic-sided shoes.
Miss Clemens shows her petticoat and wears a stringy bun
She often has a button off, we think it rather fun.
Miss Penning is the pretty one, at least she's got a waist.
Miss Allardyce's spotty gown's not everybody's taste,
Miss Shillington's eternal brown is sagging at the hem,
And Oh! when once we've turned sixteen, we'll never dress like them!

E. T. SCHEFFAUER.

Oh say, why must that brave 'new look' in class rooms ne'er appear?
Odd wispy hair my teachers wear, and styles of yesteryear.
Encased in sundry cardigans they face life's daily storm,
And all that's best in Harris tweeds disguise the female form.
Oh, must the diehard blue-stocking still favour worsted hose?
And need a shining intellect indulge a shining nose?
Oh, ye, who teach the ancient lore, your own instruction learn.
Was it wearing frumpish jumpers made immortal Sappho burn?
Did Helen lead the world a dance in such a flat-heeled brogue?
Oh, lay aside your Virgils, girls, and get a load of Vogue!

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PENRALLT Trefriw. A guest house run by hill-lovers for hill-lovers. Old converted farmhouse in heart of Welsh mountains. Remote situation near Llyn Geirionydd. Very good food and fires. Informal atmosphere 4½/5*gns.* Children under 5, spring only. Bonner; Llanrwst 166.

BOYS & girls of all ages enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Pentillie Guest House. Own produce and poultry. Ideal for the restful family holidays.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing L.O.W.) Guesthouse, 3 acres grnds. Swimming, etc., Riverside Hotel, Hamble, Hants. Hamble 2150.

HOLIDAYS in North Wales, in beautiful country house within easy reach of fine beach; excellent centre for mountain tours in Snowdonia. All comfort, very good food, 6*gns.* all inclusive. Write: Mount Hazel, Llandwrog, nr. Caernarvon, N. Wales.

Where to Stay—continued

FRENCH Pyrenees: Few guests received in beautifully situated country house. Good French fare. Write: Mdlle. Dannatt, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr, France.

KENT—Strettit Farm House, East Peckham, offers comfortable holiday accommodation in lovely walking country. 'Phone 280.

FARM in lee of Dartmoor offers accom. Own produce. 5*gns.* p.w. incl. Mrs. Neufeld, Lounstone, Bickington, N. Abbot, Devon.

FOLKESTONE. Comfortable accom. in pleasant Victorian house, 200 yards from the Leas. Private gardens at rear. Mod. terms. Write to 10, Augusta Gardens. 'Phone 2952.

STIRLING, Centre of Scotland. Easy access Highlands, Trossachs, Gleneagles, etc. Kings Private Hotel, 14 Victoria Pl. Golf, Angling etc. Gd. food, reas. terms. Now bkg.

COMFORTABLE hotel, good cuisine, accom. available now, all rooms fitted with h. and c. and gas fires; terms 5½*gns.* to 6½*gns.* Write or 'phone: Langley House Hotel, 118, Langdowne Place, Hove, 2. 'Phone Hove 2330.

PORTLEDGE Hotel, Fairy Cross, Nr. Bideford, Devon. A feeling of blissful rest and contentment steals over one on entering the quietly luxurious hotel, in 58 acres lovely grounds. Superb cuisine—wines of quality. Own bathing beach. Billiards, tennis, etc. Golf 4 miles. Tel.: Horns Cross 262."

UNSPOILT N. Devon. Couple with young family offer accom., full board & attendance pleasant country house, h. & c. basins all modern comforts. Well-cooked home produce. 8 mls. from coast. 5½*gns.*, children special terms. Turner, Abbots Bickington, Holsworthy. Tel.: Milton Damerel 223.

QUIET country holiday in lovely Old Manor House. Parents with children preferred. Cots and prams available. Reasonable transport facilities for outings. John and Molly Humphrey, Oaksey Manor Hotel, Nr. Malmesbury, Wilts.

GARA Mill House, Slapton, Kingsbridge, South Devon. Book early or late season now, at 3*gns.* and 4*gns.* S.a.e. please. For July and August vacancies.

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applics. are invited for post of Director of the Dept. of Extra-Mural Studies. According to the qualifics. and exp. of the successful candidate, the sal. of the Director will be equivalent to that of a Professor, £1,500 p.a. (plus £450 p.a. expatriation allowance for a person not domiciled in West Africa), or on the scale of Senior Lecturer, £1,000 p.a. (plus £300 p.a. expatriation allowance), rising to £1,350 p.a. (plus £400 p.a. expatriation allowance). Superannuation arrangements similar to F.S.S.U. Free passages for Director and for wife provided on appointment and on leave. Applics. (6 copies), giving full partics. of academic exp. and qualifics. and the names of 3 refs., to be addressed before June 30 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in the Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1, from whom further information obtainable.

UNIVERSITY of Wales. Univ. College of N. Wales. The Council will shortly proceed to appoint a Secretary and Registrar. Applicants should be University Graduates with administrative exp. Stipend £1,450 p.a., plus superann. and family allowances. Applics. to Glyn Roberts, Sec. and Registrar, from whom further partics. should be obtained, by June 5, 1948.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Council of the College invites applics. for post of Independent Lecturer and Head of Dept. of German. Sal. £1,100 p.a. Further partics. from Registrar, University College, Singleton Pk., Swansea, by whom applics. must be received by June 19.

UNIVERSITY College of S. Wales and Monmouth. Coleg Prifathrofaol Deheudir Cymru a Mynwy. The Council of College invites applics. for post of Lecturer in Philosophy. The min. commencing sal. will be £450 p.a. Candidates must state their age, and send 6 copies of their applic. and testimonials (which need not be printed) to Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, on or before June 21.

L.C.C. Avery Hill Training College, Eltham, S.E.9. Reqd. September, 1948, Lecturer in Health Education and Sociology to fill vacancy caused by promotion to principalship. Good academic qualifics. and teaching exp. essential. Training College scale salary. Applics. (no forms reqd.) to Principal at College. (1032.)

THE University of Liverpool. Applics. are invited from men or women grads. for the post of an Assistant Lecturer (Grade III) in the Dept. of Psychology, at sal. scale of £425-£25-£575 p.a. 8 copies of applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp., research work and fields of interest in Psychology, accompanied by copies of testimonials and by the names of 2 refs., should be received by June 12, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom partics. of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

SHORT Service Regular Army Commissions in the R.A.E.C. Applics. invited from Cadets, or qualified teachers for Short Service Regular Army Commissions in the Royal Army Educational Corps. Such Commissions are for periods of 3, 4, or 5 yrs., with gratuities of £300, £400, and £500 respectively. Released officers whose release leave began after Nov., 1946, are ineligible to apply. Candidates appointed to Short Service Commissions may be considered in due course for Permanent Regular Army Commissions in the R.A.E.C. Full details on applic. in writing to Under Secretary of State for War, War Office (AE2), 45 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

CIVIL Service Commission. Applics. invited for the post of Woman Inspector on the staff of the Board of Control (Lunacy and Mental Deficiency). Sal. will be £600 rising by annual increments of £25 to £900. Duties will include the inspection of Hospitals and Institutions and of mental health work in connection with community care. The Board will be prepared to consider applics. from candidates not more than 28 yrs. of age on March 1, 1948, who are qualified Psychiatric Social Workers exp. in mental health work. Post will be pensionable under Civil Service Superannuation Acts. Forms of applic., with further partics., from the Secretary, Board of Control, 32 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.7. No applic. considered unless received on prescribed form by June 12.

ATTINGHAM Hall. Applics. are invited for post of Secretary to the Warden of the Shropshire Adult College. In addition to the usual secretarial training and exp. (shorthand and typing, book-keeping, etc.) the Warden's Secretary should be ready to act as receptionist to students, and should have a real interest in taking part in building up a new adult education centre running short residential courses. Sal. £4 rising by annual increments of £12 to £300 with a reduction of £78 for residence, which would be offered in Attingham Hall, 7 miles from Shrewsbury. Applic. forms may be obtained from H. Martin Wilson, Clerk to Governors, County Educ. Office, Shrewsbury, and should be returned by June 12.

NURSERY School Association. Applics. are invited for the appointment of Field Organiser, to maintain contact with the Branches of the Association and to assist with the arrangement of courses of instruction for nursery and infant teachers and others concerned with the education of yng. children. Training and exp. in nursery and infant school work essential. Sal. accdg. to qualifics. & exp. Applic. forms may be obtained, on receipt of s.e., from: Chairman, N.S.A., 1 Park Crescent, W.1, to whom completed applics. to be retd. by June 4.

Appointments Vacant—continued

RUNWELL Hospital, Near Wickford, Essex. (1,032 beds.) Applics. invited for post of Psychologist to Research and Clinical Departments of above named Hospital. Candidates must possess at least a degree in science or arts of a British Univ. Salary £800 p.a., rising by £25 to £1,000 p.a. Appointment is subject to provisions of the Asylums Officers' Superann. Act, 1909. Applics. to be made on prescribed form which, tog. with further partics., is obtainable from the Physician Superintendent.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applics. invited for appointment of Senior Assistant (Research) in Public Relations Dept. Applicants should have had practical exp. of social and statistical research into problems related to town planning and town development. B.Sc. desirable but not essential. Post will be under supervision of Public Relations Officer with considerable freedom of initiative. Commencing sal. according to qualifics. and exp. within the range £550-£750 p.a. Some form of contributory superannuation will be provided. Person appointed will be reqd. to work at the Development Corporation's office at Hemel Hempstead, and to reside in the locality. Applics. giving partics. of age, qualifics. and exp., tog. with names of 3 persons to whom ref. can be made, to be made in writing to W. O. Hart, General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, and endorsed "Research Assistant," to arr. by June 7.

L.C.C. Education Officer's Dept. Applics. invited from women for appointment in the Education Officer's Dept. as (1) Welfare Assistant (residential Schools and Homes, and (2) Boarding-out Officer. Sal. £425×£25—£550 p.a. Duties of Welfare Assistant will include finding and inspecting private holiday homes for children from the Council's residential schools and homes and in other ways as reqd. providing for the welfare of these children. Evening and sometimes week-end work may be involved and residence in (at approved charges), or nr. the school or home may be reqd. Successful candidate may, in first instance, be allocated for duties in connection with Hutton Residential School, near Shenfield, Essex. Duties of Boarding-out Officer will include supervision of children boarded out in foster homes and the inspection and selection of new foster homes. Knowl. of the needs of children and exp. in their care are necessary for both posts. Applicants should state clearly for which post they wish to apply when sending for applic. forms obtainable with further partics. from Education Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a. foolscap e. nec.). Applic. to be returned by June 5. (1137.)

DEVON C.C. (Medical Department). Psychiatric Social Workers (two) required for Child Guidance, Delinquency and other Child and Adult work. Salary £370×£20 to £530 p.a. with travelling and subsistence allowances in addition. Appointment will be subject to satisfactory medical exam. and Provisions of the Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Appointment will be terminable by one month's notice on either side. In accordance with Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, 1944, other things being equal, pref. will be given to registered disabled persons within meaning of the Act. Applic. forms obtainable from County Medical Officer, 8 Dix's Field, Exeter, and should be returned by June 19.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon, Warlingham Park Hospital (for Nervous and Mental Disorders), Warlingham, Surrey. Applics. invited for post of third Psychiatric Social Worker who will be concerned mostly with work for adults. Clerical assistance is provided. Over 90% of the admissions to this hospital are voluntary. Candidates should hold Mental Health Cert. of London School of Economics or equiv. Sal. in accordance with Joint Negotiation Ctee.'s recommendation. Apply: Medical Supt.

L.C.C. Reqd. on the Divisional Staff for duty in the first instance at Pallingswick House Residential School for educationally sub-normal girls (all ages), resident assistant mistress to act as deputy to the Head Teacher. Sal. Burnham (London) Scale, plus 2 increments carried beyond the max. It is probable that the post will carry an allowance over and above scale sal. Emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Applic. forms (s.a.e. necessary) from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by June 12. (1051.)

L.C.C. Reqd. at Ongar Residential E.S.N. School, Ongar, Essex, an Assistant Teacher, man or woman (resident or non-resident). The School accommodates E.S.N. boys of low I.Q. Qualifics. in handwork desirable. Sal. Burnham scale plus 2 increments carried beyond the max. In the case of resident teacher, emoluments of board, lodging, washing and medical attendance provided in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hrs. Applic. forms from Education Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by June 12. Canvassing disqualified. (1050.)

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous experience in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £120 resident for assistants up to £220 resident for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

GIRL Editorial Assistant reqd. for magazine of beauty trade interest. Shorthand-typing, good personality & some editl. exp. desirable. Good prospects. Write, giving details, and salary reqd. to Box 3178.

Appointments Vacant—continued

APPLICS. invited for temporary post of an Organising Secretary for the International Scientific Film Congress which will be held in London in October, 1948. Duties will be part-time during June and July at £30 per month and full-time during Aug., Sept. and Oct. at £60 per month. Applics. and further partics. obtainable from the Scientific Film Assocn., 34 Soho Square, W.1.

MASSON Hall—University of Edinburgh. The Cttee. of Management of Masson Hall (a hostel for 57 women students) invite applics. for post of Sub-Warden for the Autumn Term, 1948. Applicants should be graduates with secretarial qualifics. Age 25-35. Initial sal. £150 p.a. with residence. Applics. with copies of 3 recent testimonials and names and addresses of 2 refs., to Warden, Masson Hall, 31 George Sq. Edinburgh, by June 12.

KENT Education Cttee. invite applics. for appointment as Women Welfare Officers, to fill vacancies which exist at Maidstone and Ashford. Duties include the selection of foster homes, the care and supervision of children committed to the care of the Authority under the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, and the home supervision of handicapped children. Applicants should have gained a Social Science Diploma or similar qualific. or have had previous exp. in social work with children. Sal. according to qualifics. and exp. within Grades I and II of the Miscellaneous Division of National Scales (min. £315; max. £420). Candidates appointed will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. and appointments will be subject to provisions of Local Government Superann. Act, 1937. Forms of applic. may be obtained from, and should be returned as soon as possible to, County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent.

L.C.C. Resident Matron reqd. at Nanhurst Residential Nursery School, Nr. Cranleigh, Surrey. The matron will be responsible to the Superintendent-Teacher for the domestic organisation of the school, including catering and supervision of kitchen and domestic staff. The school has accomm. for 80 children between ages of 2 and 7. Separate staff are concerned with the care of the children. Annual sal. £240-£260, plus emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and medical attendance. Applic. forms and further details from Education Officer (Estab. 6D/82), The County Hall, S.E.1. (989.)

FRANCES Mary Buss House, Bow. Warden and Club Leaders needed for this small residential settlement in East End. Wide opportunities for development of social work. Married couple would be considered. Apply stating qualifics., exp. and sal. reqd., to Secretary, Society of the F.M.B. House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Mddx. Further details from Secy. if reqd.

REQUIRED for end of September, Organising Secretary with admin. experience, training & exp. in Youth work. Age 30-40. Salary accdg. to exp. Apply Secy., Northumberland & Tyneside Assocn. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, 22 St. Mary's Place, Newcastle/Tyne.

WOMAN Teacher, trained and graduate, wanted in September for general subjects (ages 9-10) and senior work in History, Latin or English. Burnham scale. Home in holidays offered for her and her children if over 6. Formosa School, Epping House, near Hertford.

TEACHER for 7 year-olds (pref. Froebel) required September at Odam Hill School & Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton. Married teacher with child 3-10 considered.

QUALIFIED Teacher, pref. a man, reqd. for junior class progressive school. Apply Fortis Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2.

LONDON. Nursery School trained teacher wanted Sept. Recog. ind. co-ed. day school. King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11.

A LARGE Valve Manufacturing concern, S.W. London, require Junior Assistants in their Cathode Ray Tube and Transmitting Valve Development Departments. Candidates must be graduates in Physics or Electrical Engineering, but no previous exp. necessary. Salary £350 plus, according to age and qualifics. Reply to Box NS 585, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2, and quote ref. C/369.

TEMPORARY Shorthand-Typist wanted; Children's organisation. July-August, possible Sept. Intg. work, would suit student. Children's Marrainage Scheme, Eus. 7418.

Appointments Wanted

YOUNG General Manager, production and research engineering, first-class education and engineering qualifics., proved admin. abilities in every aspect of company direction, good languages and excellent commercial & Govt. contacts, sks. post as Executive Assistant to managing director of industrial/marketing organisation. Box 41, Smith's Library, Torquay.

EX-R.A.F., B.Sc. Econ. (Hons.), 25, industrious, adaptable, kndge. French, wide interests, sks. interesting post home/abroad offering scope for specialisation. Box 2753.

SOCIAL Scientist with experience in lecturing, report writing, abstracting, etc. Now somewhat tied, reqs. part-time post or work, some of which can be done at home. Box 2778.

OXFORD Hons. Grad. (His.) sks. int. pt.-tm. wk. Balkan slant pref. Box 2785.

MIDDLE-aged woman requires post as Secretary to Authoress or Actress. Willing to travel, help with animals and outdoor work. Write Box 321, Aldridges, 1 Whitefriars St. London, E.C.4.

YOUNG woman wants part or full-time work London. Knowledge of & interest in the arts, philosophy, politics, literature, theatre. Writing ability, secretarial. Own typewriter. Box 2796.

YNG. lady, B.A. Oxon, fluent spoken and written French, exp. teaching in boarding sch., seeks interesting remunerative post. Willing travel. Free September. Box 2841.

Appointments Wanted—Continued

YNG. intelligent woman, 24, B.A. Hons. English, A.L.A.M., exp. lit. research, sks. post emphasis on interest. Box 2801.

WOMAN (40), Univ. ed., wide experience office admin. and organisation, Committee work, staff control, seeks progressive post. London area. Write Box 2842.

EDITOR of specialised journal of world affairs and economics, desires editorial position with greater prospects. Extensive knowledge of illustration, production and layout. Box 2864.

JUNE 28-Aug. 28 (approx.), Ex-A.T.S. officer, age 25, taking Social Science Cert. June, reqs. two months' work, minimum salary £5 p.w. Wide exp. includes business and office admin., adult education, case work, canteen work, etc. Quick learner, adaptable personality. London preferred. Box 2877.

MIDDLE-aged lady (Dutch), 4 nursing cert. sp. modern languages, Italian, Afrikaans, widely trav., wants to return to Europe. Welfare work, guesthouse, tearoom. Country pref. Box 3837.

Schools

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls aged 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks Co-ed. Home School. Easy access Baker Street stn. New Nursery House from 3 years. Few vacancies. Principal: Miss M. K. Wilson.

GAVESTON Hall, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

KENSINGTON District. Nursery School Group. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½-5 yrs. Trained teacher especially successful only child, catering licence, qualified dietition, car collection. Children of prof. parents. Open throughout yr. Hol. school August. Communicate: Mrs. E. D. Collins, 47 Redcliffe Gdns. S.W.10.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood North End Rd., N.W.11.

NAEMOOR School, Rumbling Bridge, Perthshire. Edinburgh 40 miles. A modern co-ed. school, founded by parents and educationists. Friendly environment. Well-equipped classrooms. Principals: John L. Grieve, B.Sc., Janet Grieve, M.A., B.Ed.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad: R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

SPRINGFIELD Grange Co-ed. Boarding School in Chilterns, 5-13 yrs. Children run their own farm as part of curriculum. Limited vacs. for post-school children to do practical & theoretical farm & dairy wk. Hol. home for children 8-17 yrs. Apply Secy., Springfield Grange School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined co-operation, and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Shaw's Plays, offers; 44 "New Statesman," 79 "Economist"; G. B. Smith—Life of Gladstone, private edn., perfect; offers; "Fact," three missing—offers; Broadwood Upright, excellent condition, £60 or offer; Gold Stop Watch, Swiss made, Gentleman's, £25. Imperial Good Companion, latest tabulator model, large type, perfect, £30; Antelope Fur Cape, hip length, medium size, £10; Black Leather Writing Case, new, £2 10s.; 4 bargains: Gent.'s non-utility corduroy trousers, 32in. waist, 30in. inside leg, navy, as new, 65s.; 2 hand-made Briar Pipes, neat shapes, unwanted presents, 50s. each or 85s. pair; Malacca Cane walking-stick with leather handle, as new, 65s.; Coloured Pattern Tea Set, 21 pieces, Windsor Bone China, £6 10s.; Radiogram-Mercone, 1938, £28/nearest offer; Perambulator, almost new; large Play-pen, pre-war, folding floor; Electric Razors available: Remington, Schick, Phillips, etc.

WANTED: "Men and Wives," Compton Burnett; Folio 3 Drawer Filing Cabinet, maximum £10; B.A. (Oxon.) Gown (state length).

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